

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

ITALIAN POETS. NO. III.—GUIDO CAVALCANTI.

THUS hath one Guido from the other snatch'd
 The letter'd prize,—and he perhaps is born
 Who shall drive either from their nest.

DANTE. *Purg.* c. ix.

Such is the modest pride with which Dante anticipates the superiority of his own renown ;—adding, however,

—The noise
 Of worldly fame is but a blast of wind
 That blows from divers points, and shifts its name
 Shifting the point it blows from. Your renown
 Is like the herb, whose hue doth come and go.

And yet he endured every suffering to acquire that celebrity which he thus pronounced to be fluctuating and perishable. The two Guidos, who successively inherited and enlarged the domain of the Italian language, had a competitor of the same name, idiomatically called Guittone, born at Arezzo, a short time after the twelfth century. To him is attributed the merit of having reduced the sonnet to the regular form and laws, which it has ever since retained. Among the specimens of his talent, some are wonderful for his age: we refrain from citing them through the fear of becoming accomplices in what we suspect to be an imposture. To prove their authenticity, ancient manuscripts have been referred to, evidently transcribed long before the invention of printing; but, as the language had attained its height before that event, it would not be surprising if some copyist had ascribed to him, through mistake, the verses of a later poet; or if some wit had written them expressly to sport with the credulity of his contemporaries. But, whether a blunder or a hoax, these fragments have been carefully cherished as testimonies by the Italians, who, not content with possessing a beautiful language, are anxious to prove that it reached perfection a century before Dante, and a century and a half before Petrarch. To these authorities, Italian scholars in England award implicit faith; nor should we be inclined to withhold it, if the rudeness of the other productions of Guittone (the authenticity of which none dispute) did not give the lie to those elegant lines of which the national vanity has availed itself. Besides, if Guittone really composed the verses in question, would Dante have so decidedly written—“many of the elder time cried up Guittone, till, truth by strength of numbers vanquished, they gave him the prize.”*

The eldest of the three Guidos was born at Bologna, of the noble

* *Purgatory. Cant. xxvi.*

family of Guinicelli, and died in 1276. It is of him that Dante says —“He was father to me, and to those my betters, who have ever used the sweet and pleasant rhymes of love—

— His dulcet lays, as long
As of our tongue the beauty does not fade,
Shall make us love the very ink that traced them.”

Dante was not a critic to lavish his praises ; he never flattered the living, and why should he flatter the dead ? Still we doubt whether his praises would be justified by any of the known pieces of Guido Guinicelli. The following stanza is part of a canzone on the loss of his mistress.

Conforto già conforto l'amor chiama,
E pietà prega per Dio, fatti resto ;
Or v' inchinate a sì dolce preghiera ;
Spogliatevi di questa vesta grama,
Da che voi sete per ragion richicsto.
Che l' uomo per dolor more e dispera.
Con voi vedeste poi la bella ciera.
Si v'accogliesse morte in disperanza,
De sì grave pesanza
Traete il vostro cor ormai per Dio,
Che non sia così rio
Ver l'alma vostra che ancora spiera
Vederla in ciel e star nelle sue braccia,
Dunque spene dè confortar vi piaccia.

“ Comfort thee, comfort thee,” exclaimeth Love ;
And Pity by thy God adjures thee—“ rest.”
Oh then incline thee to such gentle prayer !
Nor Reason's plea should ineffectual prove,
Who bids thee lay aside this dismal vest :
For man meets death through sadness and despair.
Amongst you ye have seen a face so fair :—
Be this in mortal mourning some relief,
And for more balm of grief,
Rescue thy spirit from its heavy load,
Remembering thy God ;
And that in heaven thou hop'st again to share
In sight of her, and with thine arms to fold,
Hope then ; nor of this comfort quit thy hold.—*Carey.*

Allowing for the imperfect state of the language, the versification and style convey with sufficient clearness the ideas ; and these are at once elevated without being far-fetched, and natural without being common. Pathos, however, belongs to all time, and may be expressed in every language ; yet we find nothing but coldness in the verses of Guinicelli. In this perhaps we are wrong, since Mr. Carey has thought them worthy, precisely for their pathos, to be inserted among those extracts of early poetry with which he has enriched his translation of Dante. It is probable, however, that the best pieces of Guinicelli have not come down to our times. Another Guido, of the family of Ghisilieri, and his fellow-citizen, appears to have been his formidable rival in poetry ; but the Guido who “snatched from him the lettered prize” was a Florentine, the son of a philosopher and statesman, and a character still interesting to poets, critics, historians, and philosophers, and one who seemed born to exercise a vast influence over his contemporaries, and to be remembered by posterity not so much for any great achievement,

or any distinguished production of his genius, as for an union of accidents, a rare assemblage of various talents, and above all, for that inexplicable ascendancy of character which always commands admiration. True or false, it was believed at that time, and the documents are still referred to, that his ancestors came into Italy with Charlemagne, who endowed them with titles and estates.

This last Guido was born in what Mr. Sismondi justly calls the heroic age of Tuscany. The Ghibelline party, composed of the feudal aristocracy, having been expelled from Florence by the Guelphs, who upheld the popular government, the nobles of the Tuscan cities united their forces, and, led on by Farinata, a Florentine nobleman of exalted soul and great military genius, defeated the Guelphs with great slaughter. After the victory they assembled a council, where it was agreed by all, that to maintain the power of their party, it was necessary to destroy Florence. Farinata alone dared to oppose the general decree, and saved his native city. To re-establish peace among his fellow-citizens, he gave his daughter in marriage to Guido, son of Cavalcante Cavalcanti, the leader of the popular party.

This, however, did not restrain Guido from attacking several of the opposite faction, whom he accidentally encountered on horseback; and though wounded in the affray, yet such were the apprehensions his character inspired, that during his pilgrimage to St. Jago in Spain, his adversaries attempted to assassinate him. This pilgrimage, however, was with Guido, (and, perhaps, with others of that age,) a name which meant nothing more than a tour: indeed, he returned from his devotional expedition enamoured of a young woman of Tolosa, whom he calls Mandetta, and celebrates in strains that do not always seem inspired by a platonic sentiment.

In un boschetto trovai pastorella
 Più che la stella bella al mio parere.
 Capegli avea biondetti, e ricciutelli,
 E gli occhi pien d'amor, cera rosata:
 Con sua verghetta pasturava agnelli;
 E scabra, e di rugiada era bagnata:
 Cantava come fosse innamorata,
 Era adornata di tutto piacere.
 D'amor la salutai immantenente,
 E domandai, s'avesse compagnia:
 Ed ella mi rispose dolcemente,
 Che sola sola per lo bosco gia:
 E disse: sappi, quando l'augel pia;
 Allor disia lo mio cor drudo avere.
 Poichè mi disse di sua condizione,
 E per lo bosco augelli udio cantare,
 Fra me stessa dicea: or è stagione
 Di questa pastorella gioi' pigliare:
 Mercè le chiesi, sol che di baciare,
 E d'abbracciare fosse 'l suo volere.
 Per man mi preso d'amorosa voglia,
 E disse, che donato m'avea 'l core:
 Menommi sotto una freschetta foglia,
 Là dov'io vidi fior d'ogni colore:
 E tanto vi sentio gioi', e dolore,
 Che Dio d'Amor mi parve ivi vedere.

In the depth of a thicket a maiden I found,

More fair than the stars of the sky to my sight ;

Her delicate curls in a fillet were bound,

And her cheek was all freshness, her eyes all delight.

With a crook she was guarding her lambkins from roving,

Her dear little feet were all gemm'd with the dew ;

And she carolled a lay—so light-hearted and loving,

That caught even Pleasure, as round her he flew.

I gazed, till enchanted I sprang to her side,

And besought her to say where her mates had all flown ;—

“Alas,”—and she blushed as she softly replied,

“I roam through the thickets alone—all alone !

“And whene’er—would you think it ?—I hear the blithe singing

“Of birds as they flutter from bushlet to tree,

“Then deep in my bosom soft wishes are springing ;

“But no one,” she whispered, “comes singing to me.”

* * * * *

The elder Cavalcanti bore the reputation of having pushed the study of philosophy to heresy, and even to disbelief in the immortality of the soul ; and it would seem that the son carried his scepticism still farther. Those who are interested in the history of religious opinions, we would refer to the Dictionary of Bayle, art. Cavalcanti ; for ourselves, we are more willingly gratified with literature and manners, and believe that our object will be better attained by introducing here an anecdote concerning Guido, detailed by Boccaccio :—

“Now you must know, that in times past there were many very pleasant and praiseworthy usages in this fair city, of which none remain in our days, thanks to the avarice which has grown up with our wealth and has destroyed them all. There was one of this kind : In different places about Florence the gentry were used to assemble in companies of a certain number, being careful to include such only as could afford the necessary expense. It was their wont, each in his turn, to provide a feast for the whole company, whereunto they invited such strangers of note as might chance to sojourn in the city, and sometimes even did they honour the citizens. Moreover, once, if not oftener, in the year, they cloathed themselves in fresh and like apparel ; and on some festival, or other notable day, as when the joyful tidings of any victory had arrived, did they ride gallantly armed through the city. Of these companies one there was of Messer Betto Brunelleschi, who with his comrades were much desirous to have among them Guido, son of Messer Cavalcante de’ Cavalcanti ; and with good reason, for besides that he was one of the best logicians that the world had, and very famous in philosophy, (of which things, to speak advisedly, the companies took small account) so was he very agreeable in his speech and well-mannered in his actions, and knew better than any other, what rightly pertained to a cavalier ; he was very rich withall, and gracious in his address to such as he wished to please. But Messer Betto could never succeed to get him amongst them ; whereupon he thought that, because Guido was often given to speculations, therefore he liked not to commune with men. It was whispered too, among the commonalty, that he held to the opinions of Epicurus, and that his speculations aimed to prove that there existed no God. It came to pass upon a day, that Guido having gone out from his dwelling in San

Michele, and through the Adimari, which was his accustomed route, unto San Giovanni, where were many great arches of marble (such as are now in Santa Reparata), he staid to muse between the columns of porphyry and these arches, the gate of San Giovanni being shut. Now Messer Betto with his company journeying on horseback through the piazza of Santa Reparata, discovered Guido among the sepulchres, whereupon he said to his companions, 'Let us break a jest with him,' and giving spurs to their horses they came upon him unawares, crying out, 'Ho, there, Master Guido, since thou dost refuse to be one of our company, what wilt thou do when thou hast assured thyself there is no God?' Whereto Guido, seeing that he was enclosed by them, answered readily,—'Signors, in your own houses ye may speak as ye list,' and placing his hand on one of the great arches he vaulted nimbly to the other side and went on his way. Then stood they staring one on the other, and began to say, 'Of a surety he is distracted, for his speech lacketh meaning, inasmuch as we have no more concern with these sepulchres than the other citizens and Guido among them.' To the which replied Messer Betto, 'Ye are the distracted, that ye have not comprehended his words, which, though very civil, are indeed very pithy, and the greatest reproach in the world. See ye not that these arches are the houses of the dead, because they are put here to dwell forever? whereby he would indicate that we and the other simple and unlearned men are but as the dead in comparison with him and great scholars, and therefore, being here, that we are in our own houses.' Then comprehended each man the sense of Guido's speech, and took shame upon himself; nor did they in after-time break any jest with Guido, and they looked upon Messer Betto as a cavalier of a very subtle and excellent wit."

The character of Guido Cavalcanti was so strongly marked, that his fellow-citizens and the historians of his times all agreed in their manner of pourtraying it. "He was," says Villani, "for a philosopher, skilful in many pursuits; but somewhat too irritable and harsh." Dino, another eye-witness, speaks of him as "courteous and ardent, though scornful, solitary, and immersed in study;" and Dante himself, who possessed, in an uncommon degree, the same good and bad qualities, called him "his first friend,"—yielded with deference to his literary opinions, and stood in awe of his remonstrances. During an access of idle melancholy, to which in his youth he was often liable from his too strong feelings, he was severely reproached by Guido in these lines:—

Io vengo il giorno a te infinite volte
 E trovoti pensar troppo vilmente:
 Molto mi duol della gentil tua mente
 E d'assai tue virtù, che ti son tolte.
 Solevati spiacer persone molte;
 Tuttor fuggivi la noiosa gente:
 Di me parlavi sì coralmemente,
 Che tutte le tue rime avea accolte.
 Or non mi ardisco, per la vil tua vita,
 Far dimostranza ch'l tuo dir mi piaccia;
 Ne 'n guisa vegno a te, che tu mi veggi.

Whene'er I visit thee day after day,
 Thy thoughts, thy wishes, all debased I find:
 And oh! what grief to see that noble mind,
 And all thy various virtues, fade away.
 I knew thee when thy scorn in withering ray
 Fell blasting on the mean and idle crew:
 And when of me thou spok'st with friendship true—
 Of me, who loved so well thy lofty lay.
 'Tis past, and I despise thee:—now, I dare
 Not own how once I loved thee with a pride
 That honour'd both;—henceforth my only care
 Will be thy loathed presence to avoid.

We are indebted to Mr. Hayley for a spirited version of the following playful sonnet, addressed by Dante to Guido.

Guido vorrei, che tu, e Lappo, ed io
 Fossimo presi per incantamento,
 E messi ad un vassel, ch' ad ogni vento
 Per mare andasse a voler vostro, e mio;
 Sicchè fortuna, od altro tempo rio,
 Non ci potesse dare impedimento:
 Anzi vivendo sempre in noi talento
 Di stare insieme crescesse 'l desio.
 E Monna Vanna, e Monna Bice poi,
 Con quella ch' è 'n sul numer delle trenta,
 Con noi ponesse il buono incantatore:
 E quivi ragionar sempre d'amore:
 E ciascuna di lor fosse contenta,
 Siccome i' credo, che saremo noi.

Guido! I wish that you, Lappo, and I,
 By some sweet spell within a bark were placed,
 A gallant bark with magic virtue graced,
 Swift at our will with every wind to fly;
 So that no changes of the shifting sky,
 No stormy terrors of the watery waste,
 Might bar our course, but heighten still our taste
 Of sprightly joy and of our social tie:
 Then that my Bice, Bice fair and free,
 With those soft nymphs, on whom your souls are bent,
 The kind magician might to us convey,
 To talk of love throughout the livelong day;
 And that each fair might be as well content,
 As I in truth believe our hearts would be.

Philip Villani, the son and nephew of the two Florentine historians, in giving the earliest example of literary history and criticism, confirmed the decision of the learned in his age, who pronounced the lyric pieces of Guido equal to those of Dante. Indeed the energy and originality which form the two characteristics of Dante's genius appear still more strongly in the lyrics of Guido, but always deformed by a primitive rudeness, which Dante, who was born twenty years later, more successfully avoided. Guido found the art in its infancy, and in raising it to adolescence, displayed greater force than skill; but in the productions of Dante strength and address marched with an equal step, and in tempering the harshness incident to all early poetry, he had the sagacity to choose the style of Virgil as his model. Besides,

Dante made poetry his study and his chief glory: Guido, aspiring to a higher reputation, considered the single merit of fine poetry as insufficient to entitle any man, even Virgil himself, to rank with a philosopher.

Those who know that the enterprise of subjecting a language even in the height of its perfection to a system of rules, demands a profound insight into the operations of the intellect, will agree that Guido evinced a philosophic mind in composing a grammar, and laying down the rules of correct writing, before the Italian language could boast of authors of commanding example and authority. The ancient Italians, content with eulogizing this treatise, neglected to preserve it for posterity; and we are therefore unable to judge of its execution. Of his prose writings there are no remains; but the praise cannot be withheld from him, of having, at least, commenced a project of vast utility, and at the same time of such difficulty that it could not be brought to any maturity before the golden age of Leo the Xth. Still, that which he has not effected by his theories he has in a great measure accomplished in his practice. He was the first to ennoble the language with a poetical phraseology and versification, and except his too great love for metaphysical ideas and terms, he might serve as a model for any age. The following sonnet exhibits in a striking degree the excellences and the defects of his style.

Chi è questa, che vien, ch' ogni uom la mira,
 E far di clarità l' aer tremare,
 E mena seco Amor, sicchè parlare
 Null' uom ne puote, ma ciascun sospira?
 Ah! Dio, che sembra quando gli occhi gira?
 Dicalo Amor, ch' io non saprei contare:
 Contanto d' umiltà donna mi pare
 Che ciascun' altra in ver di lei chiam' ira.
 Non si porria contar la sua piacenza;
 Ch' a lei s' inchina ogni gentil vertute,
 E la beltate per sua Dca la mostra:
 Non fu sì alta già la mente nostra,
 E non s' e posta in noi tanta salute;
 Che propriamente n' abbiām conoscenza.

Ah! who is she whose beauty wins all eyes,
 And fills with tremulous light the charmed air,
 Leading young Love with her? Ah! who can spare
 His wonder other breath than deep-drawn sighs?
 And when on me her looks in softness beam,
 My rising hopes Love only may declare;
 And such a quiet meekness doth she wear
 That other dames full cold and haughty seem.
 Her graces infinite what tongue can tell?
 While gentlest virtues thronging round are seen,
 And Beauty proudly boasts her for her queen.
 Ne'er did our hearts with such emotions swell,
 Nor with such pure and passionate feelings glow,
 As now, when gazing on her charms we know.

From a letter of Lorenzo de' Medici, which we shall quote here in order to shew this renowned patron and arbiter of literature in his less known character of critic, we learn that two centuries after the

death of Guido, the most illustrious of his fellow-citizens continued to lament him as if he had but recently died. It is addressed to the son of the King of Naples. "The most eminent, after Dante and Petrarch, is the delicate Guido Cavalcanti, a Florentine; a dextrous dialectician, and the most distinguished philosopher of his age. He was elegant and graceful in his person, noble in his descent; in his writings he united, beyond all others, beauty, ease, and originality; in his inventions he was sagacious, splendid, and admirable; in his expression deliberate, copious, and sublime; in his arrangement regular, wise, and skilful. All these happy endowments were adorned with a style at once sweet, enchanting, and novel; and if they had been displayed in an ampler field, would undoubtedly have commanded the highest honours. But, above all his other works, there is one canzone, in which this charming poet has described every quality, virtue, and property of love." To this canzone some have applied the epithet *divine*, but though it has been studied for centuries by many acute scholars, we do not find any who have succeeded in understanding it. Its celebrity and obscurity have, however, given birth to seven long commentaries, some in Italian, others in Latin, and two of them still unedited; yet the more their authors have paraded their metaphysics, the more unintelligible has their text become. Although the canzone is always printed in the Appendix to every edition of Petrarch, who seems to have held it in much esteem, still, for the last two centuries, it has been more frequently spoken of than read. This, indeed, is the case with all of Guido's poetry. Lorenzo de' Medici seems to have been his last panegyrist, and since that time his high reputation rests rather on the *magni nominis umbrâ*, than on any of his remaining works.

Some of the compositions of Guido were published by fragments in different collections, and others remained unedited until 1813, when Signor Cicciporci of Florence gathered them together and gave them to the world from a pious duty of consanguinity; a duty which would have been better performed, if instead of a long and useless preface, he had prefixed to his edition an accurate biography of his ancestor. Of the precise date of his birth we have no account: the year, place, and circumstances of his death are equally unknown. Having been exiled, under the magistracy of Dante, as one of the chiefs of the Guelph party, to a spot infected with the *mal-aria*, he was recalled, on the pretext of its unhealthiness, by his friend, which drew upon him the imputation of partiality, and was one of the causes of his own banishment. From this year—the last of the thirteenth century—we find no authentic mention of Guido, except that he was expelled a second time; and from a poem, composed during his exile, we learn that his illness left him few hopes of life. It is written in a tone of truth and passion, which gives it a value, in the absence of others, as an historical document. We shall cite from it some passages, and the more willingly as it appears to be one of the most poetical of his compositions.

Perch' io non spero di tornar giammai,
Ballatetta, in Toscana,
Va tu leggiera, e piana
Dritta alla donna mia.

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Since these eyes no more shall see
My native fields of Tuscany,
Go, little Song, and softly bear
Thy homage to my lady fair.

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Tu voce sbìggottita, e deboletta,
 Ch' esci piangendo dello cor dolente,
 Con l' anima, e con questa ballatetta
 Va ragionando della strutta mente.
 Voi troverete una donna piacente
 Di sì dolce intelletto
 Che vi sarà diletto
 Starle davanti ognora.
 Anima e tu l' adora
 Sempre nel suo valore.

* * * *

Tu senti, ballatetta, che la morte
 Mi stringe sì, che vita m' abbandona ;
 E senti come 'l cor si sbatte forte
 Per quel, che ciascun spirito ragiona :
 Tant' è distrutta già la mia persona,
 Ch' i' non posso soffrire :
 Se tu mi vuoi servire
 Mena l' anima teco,
 Molto di ciò ti preco,
 Quando uscirà del core.

And thou, O voice, that timid art and
 weak,
 This sad and languid bosom quit-
 ting,
 With thee my soul is gently flitting,
 Instruct this little Song to speak
 Unto my mistress meek,
 Of its master's faded mind.
 There a lady wilt thou find
 Gifted with a sense so bright
 That 'twill be thy dear delight
 To live with her forever.
 Soul, thou hast with passion loved,
 All her fondness thou hast proved,
 And shalt forget her never.

* * * *

Go, little Song, the hand of death
 Tells me life is hourly fleeting :
 Feel'st thou how this heart is beat-
 ing,
 As it heaves the parting breath ?
 My form hath wasted all away,
 And I cannot suffer more.
 Would'st thou longer service pay,
 Take my soul, I now implore,
 When it quits this fragile sphere,
 And bear it to my lady dear.

F

PETER PINDARICS.

The Auctioneer and the Lawyer.

A CITY Auctioneer, one Samuel Stubbs,
 Did greater execution with his hammer,
 Assisted by his puffing clamour,
 Than Gog and Magog with their clubs,
 Or that great Fee-fa-fum of war,
 The Scandinavian Thor,
 Did with his mallet, which (see Bryant's
 Mythology) fell'd stoutest giants :—
 For Samuel knock'd down houses, churches,
 And woods of oak and elms and birches,
 With greater ease than mad Orlando
 Tore the first tree he laid his hand to.

He ought, in reason, to have raised his own
 Lot by knocking other's down ;
 And had he been content with shaking
 His hammer and his hand, and taking
 Advantage of what brought him grist, he
 Might have been as rich as Christie ;—
 But somehow when thy midnight bell, Bow,
 Sounded along Cheapside its knell,
 Our spark was busy in Pall-mall
 Shaking his elbow,—

Marking, with paw upon his mazzard,
 The turns of hazard ;
 Or rattling in a box the dice,
 Which seem'd as if a grudge they bore
 To Stubbs: for often in a trice,
 Down on the nail he was compell'd to pay
 All that his hammer brought him in the day,
 And sometimes more.

Thus, like a male Penelope, our wight,
 What he had done by day undid by night,
 No wonder, therefore, if, like her,
 He was beset by clamorous brutes,
 Who crowded round him to prefer
 Their several suits.

One Mr. Snipps, the tailor, had the longest
 Bill for many suits—of raiment,
 And naturally thought he had the strongest
 Claim for payment.
 But debts of honour must be paid,
 Whate'er becomes of debts of trade ;
 And so our stylish auctioneer,
 From month to month throughout the year,
 Excuses, falsehoods, pleas alleges,
 Or flatteries, compliments, and pledges.
 When in the latter mood one day,
 He squeezed his hand, and swore to pay.—
 “But when?”—“Next month.—You may depend on't
 My dearest Snipps, before the end on't—
 Your face proclaims in every feature,
 You wouldn't harm a fellow creature—
 You're a kind soul, I know you are, Snipps.”
 “Ay, so you said six months ago,
 But such fine words, I'd have you know,
 Butters no parsnips.”

This said, he bade his lawyer draw
 A special writ,
 Serve it on Stubbs, and follow it
 Up with the utmost rigour of the law.

This lawyer was a friend of Stubbs,
 That is to say,
 In a civic way,
 Where business interposes not its rubs ;
 For where the main chance is in question,
 Damon leaves Pythias to the stake,
 Pylades and Orestes break,
 And Alexander cuts Hephæstion ;
 But when our man of law *must* sue his friends,
 Tenfold politeness made amends.

So when he met our Auctioneer,
 Into his outstretch'd hand he thrust his
 Writ, and said with friendly leer,
 “My dear, dear Stubbs, pray do me justice ;—
 In this affair I hope you see
 No censure can attach to me—

Don't entertain a wrong impression ;
 I'm doing now what must be done
 In my profession."——
 "And so am I," Stubbs answered with a frown,
 So crying "Going—going—going—gone !"
 He knock'd him down !——



The Gouty Merchant and the Stranger.

IN Broad-street Buildings, on a winter night,
 Snug by his parlour fire a gouty wight
 Sate all alone, with one hand rubbing
 His leg roll'd up in fleecy hose,
 While t'other held beneath his nose
 The Public Ledger, in whose columns grubbing,
 He noted all the sales of hops,
 Ships, shops, and slops,
 Gum, galls and groceries, ginger, gin,
 Tar, tallow, turmerick, turpentine, and tin.

When, lo ! a decent personage in black
 Enter'd, and most politely said,—
 "Your footman, Sir, has gone his nightly track,
 To the King's Head,
 And left your door ajar, which I
 Observed in passing by,
 And thought it neighbourly to give you notice."

"Ten thousand thanks—how very few get
 In time of danger
 Such kind attentions from a stranger !
 Assuredly that fellow's throat is
 Doom'd to a final drop at Newgate.
 He knows, too, the unconscionable elf,
 That there 's no soul at home except myself."

"Indeed !" replied the stranger, looking grave ;
 "Then he 's a double knave.
 He knows that rogues and thieves by scores
 Nightly beset unguarded doors ;
 And see how easily might one
 Of these domestic foes,
 Even beneath your very nose,
 Perform his knavish tricks,—
 Enter your room as I have done,
 Blow out your candles—*thus*—and *thus*,
 Pocket your silver candlesticks,
 And walk off—*thus*."——

So said—so done—he made no more remark,
 Nor waited for replies,
 But march'd off with his prize,
 Leaving the gouty merchant in the dark.

Among the various objects of pleasure and of instruction which I proposed to myself in visiting Paris, one of the chief was the gratification which I expected to derive from witnessing the performances and cultivating the acquaintance of Talma. I arrived in the French capital in September 1819, and easily obtained an introduction to the great actor, who is remarkable for the frankness and amenity of his manners, and the readiness with which he communicates information upon every subject connected with his profession. He had just returned from a circuit through the provincial theatres, where, like our own performers of note, he had reaped a golden harvest, of which it was said he had great need, for he is possessed with a mania for building, and lavishes in the indulgence of his architectural propensities the large salary paid to him by the crown, which, with the more immediate profits of his profession, leave him an income of above 4000*l.* a-year. He had exceeded, in this instance, the period of absence usually allowed to actors of eminence. I saw him at this moment of popular exasperation (for the French public are jealous of their rights in the genius of their distinguished artists), and when the ultra press took occasion to vent its political animosities for the offence which he was supposed to have committed in withdrawing himself from the admiration of Paris, to dedicate his talents to the more ignoble, but more profitable pursuit of provincial applause. It is scarcely possible that in England the merits of an actor should be estimated by his political tenets, or that he should be depreciated or extolled in a public paper, according to his sympathy with the editor in questions wholly unconnected with the stage. It is indeed well understood that an eminent performer of the day occasionally attributes the severity of some articles in the government journals to the liberality of his public notions; but it is pretty evident that no one annexes the least importance to his creed upon reform with the single exception of himself. But in Paris it is otherwise. The spirit of faction pursues the artist with as much inveteracy, as the senator, and Talma, who had indeed given some cause of complaint to his fellow-actors by his departure from their rules, and to the public by the splenetic manner in which he received an intimation of their displeasure, was laid open to invective of the most galling and malignant kind. He became exasperated, and refused to act. The committee of management had of their own accord put his name into the playbills, and given notice of his appearance upon several occasions—he announced indisposition, and the public anger was roused to an excess, which the misconduct of a minister would scarcely excite amongst ourselves. I was presented to him, at the moment that he was placed in this embarrassing condition, and when I had an opportunity of witnessing his genuine character as brought out by the vehement passions and resentments by which he was inflamed against the persons whom he designated as his bitter and envenomed foes. His temperament seemed to me to be of a boiling and indomitable quality, and he gave utterance to his indignation with gesture of the most impassioned kind. I was a good deal surprised at his communicativeness with an individual with whom he had had no previous acquaintance. Among the many grievances to which he alleged that

he was perpetually exposed, he particularly mentioned the management of the French theatre, which is indeed extremely liable to abuse. It is composed of the principal performers, both male and female, to whom the administration under the control of one of the ministers is entrusted; and those who know any thing of actors, or which is nearly the same thing, who have read the Third canto of Don Juan, will readily conjecture how many and how deep must be the jealousies and animosities which distract this strange and whimsical republic. In no other profession are individual vanities brought into such frequent and direct collision. Theatrical rivalry recognizes no distinction of sex. The deadliest animosity is often found to prevail between persons who are condemned to represent the most impassioned agonies of love. It may be easily imagined that a commonwealth composed of such discordant materials is exposed to perpetual agitation. For the purpose of obviating in some degree the evils to which such a system must give rise, a rule has been adopted that a certain class of parts should be assigned to each performer, from which he can never, as long as he remains in the theatre, either ascend or fall. Thus, an indisputable possession of some of the noblest provinces of the drama is secured to mediocrity, and it becomes almost impossible that genius should make its escape beyond the very limited boundaries to which it may have been originally confined. To one actor, for example, are allotted the parts of old men—another is the perpetual tyrant—a third the eternal lover of the stage—while a fourth is condemned to be the common receptacle of all the secrets of the various personages involved in the business of the play. By this arrangement, which is invariably adhered to, if a new tragedy is to be acted, the author is never consulted as to the disposition of the parts: they are not awarded, according to their importance in the drama, to the actors best calculated for their enactment, but in exact conformity with the original appropriation established at the theatre. A French performer talks of a character, which he thinks himself entitled to represent, as a portion of his property, and considers that it belongs to him as exclusively as one of the dresses of his wardrobe. The consequence of this very preposterous regulation is, that very inferior actors constantly represent the most conspicuous personages in the play; and on the other hand, no matter what indications of genius an actor may evince in the performance of some humble part, he cannot expect a more favourable occasion for the display of his powers, but, once bound to the oar, can never be loosened from his fate. I inquired of Talma, whether, if an actor, who had upon his first admission upon the Parisian boards been condemned to the part of *confidante*—the tame trustee of all the mysteries of a French tragedy—were to manifest in his humble sphere strong glimpses of genius, he would not be suffered by the committee to make an experiment in the performance of some part which might afford a scope for the evidence of superior power. He answered, that it was hardly possible; and stated as an instance of the hardships to which he was himself condemned, that there were several tragedies which he wished to have had revived, but that as it happened that the principal parts did not belong to the class of characters which had first fallen to his lot, his object could not be accomplished; and thus, to gratify the jealousies of actors, some of the master-pieces of the French scene are excluded

from the stage. He particularly mentioned *Athalie*, in which the part of the high priest is so conspicuous, and that upon his having suggested its restoration, the actor who enjoys a sort of copyhold in the pontifical characters, had interposed his customary right, and claimed Joab as his own. This circumstance prevented the revival of the play. The actor, who is a person of no ability, retained his prerogative, and Racine's chef-d'œuvre remained in exile from the stage. I asked him why he performed Marigny in Raynouard's tragedy of the *Templars*, as I conceived the grand master the better part : to which he assented, and alleged the same absurd jealousy as the motive for his not having been permitted to act it. At the time of my first introduction to Talma, he had had several differences with his brethren of the buskin upon the grounds I have alluded to ; and the animosity which they excited in his mind, and to which the public complaints against his conduct had made no inconsiderable addition, induced him to think and represent himself as persecuted and unhappy. He expressed a strong disrelish for his profession, as almost all men, but especially actors, are in the habit of doing ; for they furnish the best commentary on Horace's satire upon that singular propensity of our nature. He said that when a young man, he felt an intense pleasure in acting, but that use had worn it away. Upon my inquiring of him whether he was moved in the personation of the terrible passions, in which his chief excellence consists, he answered that when he first performed a character requiring great emotion, he entered in imagination into the feelings which he undertook to delineate, but that gradually the impression passed away, and that when he appeared to be rapt in the very ecstasy of passion, he was in reality quite insensible and calm. To this, however, I did not yield my implicit faith ; and upon another occasion he intimated that all his power arose from the faculty of self-excitation, and that he traced whatever talent he possessed to the intensity of his emotions, and to no other source. It is indeed from the boiling springs about the heart that all true genius must take its rise. I had an opportunity of witnessing on the very first day of my acquaintance, an example of that excitability of temperament, of which he afterwards spoke. A gentleman of considerable rank in the literary circles, waited upon Talma, for the purpose of remonstrating against his obstinacy in refusing to appear. He addressed him in the tone and language of unaffected regard. I proposed to leave the room, as I conceived the subject a delicate one ; but Talma requested me to stay. A conversation ensued between the two friends, which gradually rose from warmth into intemperance, and the actor was soon transported into emotions almost as vehement as I ever saw him exhibit upon the stage. This anger was not merely French : it was the result of that promptitude to feel which became habitual in the exercise of his art, and which followed him into the ordinary intercourse of private life.

Having had many occasions to meet Talma, I tried to direct the conversation towards topics more immediately connected with his profession, and gleaned from him opinions which may be attended with some interest, not so much, perhaps, from "their own intrinsic value, as from the eminence of the person by whom they were expressed. He seemed to me competent to form some judgment of our distinguished English actors ; for he understood our language, and even

spoke it with propriety, although with a French intonation. He had spent some years of his early life in London, and I observed that his sister, Madame Ducis, who is married to the painter of that name, (a nephew of the late poet), spoke English with such purity and ease, that she might readily have been mistaken for an English woman. Talma intimated a strong desire to play Hamlet in London. The idea had been originally suggested to him by Helen Maria Williams, into which he entered with enthusiasm, and actually underwent a course of minute preparation, under the tuition of an English actor, who happened to be in Paris at the time that he indulged in the notion that he could win the reluctant approbation of an English auditory, of which he seemed to be peculiarly ambitious. I requested him to repeat "To be, or not to be." He readily complied, and delivered it in a manner perfectly original, and which, with some appearance of strangeness, was powerful and impressive in the highest degree. It would not have produced a great effect upon the mass of auditors in one of our own theatres, but a discriminating actor would have found in it much for study, and even for imitation. It was at once solemn and abrupt. The pauses were long, but the utterance was sudden and occasionally precipitate. There was an earnestness, and, if I may so say, an impatient curiosity in his investigations of the mysteries of the grave, which he seemed to open and search like one looking for its secrets, like a treasure, in its dark and impenetrable depth. Yet there was no less of dignity in this impassioned scrutiny. He was more swift than hurried. His images appeared to pass like the shadows of rapid clouds, over an elevated mind. He seemed to spring with one bound over the dark boundaries which separate us from futurity, and to traverse vast tracts of meditation in a single thought. It was not exactly consistent with our own notions of Hamlet, but it was a noble portraiture of a man holding discourse with death; and, to use an expression of Madame de Stael, "*interrogant la pensée sur le sort des mortels.*" Of our Kemble he spoke in terms of the highest and most unaffected praise, although I could perceive that he considered him his rival. Coriolanus, he said, was a master-piece, which evinced an union of the highest genius with the most consummate art. Kemble, however, in his opinion would not have reached to eminence upon the French stage, on account of the feebleness of his voice,—an obstacle which is insurmountable in France, where the recitation of verse, from the peculiarity of its construction, requires an organ of great depth and power. He acknowledged the genius of Kean, but objected to his mannerism and extravagance. I found him quite alive to the distinguished merits of Miss O'Neill, for he said that in domestic pathos she was unequalled. A singular circumstance was mentioned by him as a proof of her great talents. Some French ladies accompanied him while in London to witness her performance of Isabella, and had previously formed a determination to receive no pleasure from any thing so barbarous as English acting. For some time they kept their resolution, and as they did not understand a word of the play, their impression was but slowly removed, until at last Nature asserted her prerogative, and tears afforded them attestation of the indisputable powers of that impassioned mistress of her delightful art.

Of the German actors, Talma said little, with the single exception of the great Prussian performer, Iffland, whom he represented as a man of singular ability, and as excelling in the delineation of domestic feeling and character, especially in the performance of his own dramas, in which he put out his noblest energies. Talma, in speaking of the German and English stages, took occasion to observe upon the great advantages which they afforded to the actor, both from the strength and variety of the situations, and the unshackled freedom which they permitted him to enjoy in the indulgence of his own invention. In France it is limited and fettered by that sense of *bienséance*, which, if it restrain the commission of great faults, imposes a check upon the natural flight of genius, and condemns it to an humble sphere. He had made many efforts, he said, (and had in part succeeded) to liberate the theatre of his country from those traditionary sophistications by which it was enslaved. He had changed the whole system of recitation, and had contrived a method by which the rhyme of French tragedy was more or less disguised. In his opinion, there could be no French verse without it; but he thought that it should act upon the ear without awakening a sense of its existence; and that the pleasure which a judicious declamation was calculated to supply, should be unaccompanied by any consciousness of the means by which it was produced. Talma, from his first advances towards celebrity, endeavoured to effect a great change in French acting. He threw off many of the pompous forms of tragic enunciation, and assimilated in a greater degree the recitation of verse, with the measure of ordinary discourse. He remedied the imperfections of the metre, which he was reluctantly compelled to allow, by his bold approaches to the familiarity of natural speech. The pause at the third foot, and the alternation of masculine and feminine rhymes, were lost in his intrepid declamation. By a just sacrifice of melody to force, he broke the couplet into energy and power. Talma may indeed be justly designated as the actor of the revolution. His mind broke out in its intensity at that period of excitation, so favourable to the developement of his strong and gloomy faculties; for, if I may use the expression, there was a lurid light in his genius, of a quality peculiarly calculated to shine in those dark and tempestuous times. The familiar and almost daily indulgence of the fiercer passions begot a corresponding avidity for emotion in the pictures of ideal life; and men entered the theatre with a predisposition, and even a craving for excitement, which they had derived from the contemplation of those dreadful scenes, in which they had not only been spectators, but had borne so disastrous a part. They looked for fiction upon the stage as terrible, as the reality to which they had been previously habituated, and they found, in the spirit of Talma, a fitting comment for what they saw and felt about them. His genius administered to their appetite for emotion. In his terrible personations, the public man beheld his own image. Full of turbulence and gloom, he saw exhibited, in a faithful mirror, those modifications of nature which the great events upon the theatre of human affairs had contributed to produce. Talma would not, perhaps, have risen to celebrity in times of a more subdued and pacific character. Had he lived in the midst of the frivolous gaiety of the former monarchy of France, he would have found no field for the manifestation of his talents. He would not have

been in unison with the public feeling. His manner would have been condemned for bad taste and exaggeration, and he would have been proscribed for his adventurous innovations. To this day the adherents to the old school of politics and literature (for it is remarkable that the supporters of the one are equally devoted to the other) manifest their distaste in a querulous sort of criticism of this great and original actor. They consider his genius as tainted with the revolution, and are as fully convinced that the *ancien régime* should be restored at the theatre, as at the Louvre. They talk of the good old times of Le Kain, and of La Rive, and lament the barbarous degeneracy of the age in many a pathetic reminiscence of a better day. His gesture, gait, and aspect, furnish them with topics of mournful comparison to the favourites of their younger years; and they remain unmoved, or at most but shrug their shoulders with the habitual demonstration of contempt, while the revolutionary actor traverses the stage in the whirlwind of passion, merging the dignity of the monarch in the vehement emotions of the man, and presenting in his countenance, in a terrible succession, the rapid vicissitude of those stormy feelings, which it is his chief pride and noblest faculty to paint. But upon the great mass of spectators he exercises a magical dominion. To men who court a familiarity with terror, he offers at every moment new materials for astonishment and pleasure, and they gaze upon his terrible delineations in mute and marvelling delight. The cavern of a magician is not more silent than the Parisian theatre, when this great enchanter awakes the furies, and calls up the passions from their dark abysses in the human heart. It is not wonderful that he should have gained so unequalled a reputation with the French people, by the display of those extraordinary faculties with which their own feelings sympathized so well. He accordingly attained a station in society which had never been reached by any other actor, and the blot upon his profession was in part worn away. His intimacy with Bonaparte too gave him a consideration independent of his theatrical fame. The partiality of the emperor for the stage, and his love of dramatic literature, which he continued to protect, when by a singular inconsistency he discountenanced every other branch of polite learning, raised him into estimation at the court. Talma had been intimate with Bonaparte when the latter was a subaltern in the army; and to his honour, their friendship lasted during his elevation, and survived his fall.

Talma mentioned to me some singular circumstances of Bonaparte, which may be of interest, as they are derived from an authentic source. The early acquaintance of Talma with Bonaparte originated from his passion for the stage. Talma had an opportunity of gratifying it, by giving him free admissions, when the finances of the "emperor to be" were too limited for a frequent indulgence in what every Frenchman considers as almost a necessary of life. Their acquaintance soon ripened into familiarity, and the hours which were not devoted to their respective professions, were often passed together. They used frequently to stroll through the streets of Paris in the evening. Bonaparte was so immoderately fond of coffee, that he could not refrain from entering every tavern by which they passed, in which his favourite beverage could be procured. His love for it arose from its exciting qualities. After he had swallowed large draughts, and when his spirits

were awakened into unusual vivacity, he indulged in all sorts of ambitious speculation. His friend could not help smiling at the confidence with which he predicted his future greatness, for he was ever commercing with futurity, and by anticipation was already a great man. All his notions were vast and daring; and he expressed himself in wild and dreamy imagery, which was well suited to his high and aspiring thoughts. Talma said, that at this time his conversation was nearly Ossianic, from which I took occasion to inquire from him if it was true that Bonaparte had so much partiality for the writer, whom he little suspected for a modern Scotchman, who had arrayed his conceptions in the mists of his own grey hills, and contrived to impose upon the world in this ingenious and fantastic masquerade. Talma did not seem to be quite pleased at my being so incredulous of the authenticity of the favourite author of his imperial friend; for he assured me, that from the earliest period of their acquaintance, he remembered Bonaparte's passion for what he considered as among the sublimest fragments of antiquity. He used to carry a small edition of Ossian about him. No doubt, the style more or less communicated something of its own colour to his mind; and we may account for the occasional hyperboles to be found in his public documents, by referring them to that very likely source. I asked Talma whether Bonaparte's temper was as violent before he attained his elevation, as it was said to have been afterwards. He denied, and that with no little warmth, that his temper had ever been remarkable for its vehemence, and asserted, that on the contrary, though subject to gusts of a sudden and transitory kind, he was generally gentle, and exceedingly good-natured. As a proof of it, he mentioned the deep attachment of all those who were immediately about his person. Talma was often much affected in speaking of the man, who had loaded him with favours, and upon one or two occasions he was moved even to tears. He could not help admitting the evils which Bonaparte had inflicted, and that he was a foe to liberty; but at the same time he said, that those who knew him best indulged in the hope that age might have calmed his ambition, and given his mind a more pacific cast—an opinion which, from politeness, I did not care to controvert. Talma always found a ready access to Bonaparte, even in the days of his loftiest prosperity. The emperor used to chat with him, with all the familiarity of an old acquaintance; he inquired minutely into all the concerns of the theatre, and dwelt upon the subject with a real and unimpaired delight. Corneille was Bonaparte's favourite dramatist; and of all his works, he chiefly admired *Cinna*. It occurred to me indeed, when I saw that noble tragedy, that the sentiments it conveyed must have been greatly agreeable to him, as the evils of a republic, and the necessity that one strong hand should seize the reins in turbulent and distracted times, are strongly inculcated. Talma played Augustus for the first time whilst I was in Paris, and to Lafond, who had till then performed the former part, *Cinna* was committed. There was a rivalry between the two actors, which gave additional interest to the performance. Talma soon left competition at an immense distance, and carried all the applauses of the house, which was crowded to excess. The deepest emotion was produced among the spectators, by the many references to the scenes of Roman conception, which afforded a painful association with what they had

themselves so recently beheld. The terrific descriptions of the poet, given with all the power of the most masterly declamation, approached, at moments, to the vividness of reality. Scarce a sentiment was uttered which did not find an echo in every bosom around me, and I could not refrain from praying, that in the theatres of my own country I should never be a witness to emotions derived from any kindred cause. Talma appeared to me, in his personation of Augustus, to aim at presenting some shadows of Bonaparte. Indeed there was a vehemence and abruptness in his acting, so little conformable with my own ideas of the character, that I was satisfied that he intended to pourtray the great product of the revolution. Talma afterwards mentioned that *Cinna* was the play which Bonaparte chiefly liked; and that one day, after witnessing its representation, he mentioned, that the depth and justice of the political reflections which every where occur in the writings of Corneille, had so much impressed him with admiration for the genius of the poet, that if he had been living in his time, he would have made him his prime minister.

S.

 LETTERS FROM TOURS.

 NO. II.

MISS MARY BALL TO MISS JANE JINKINS.

DEAR Jane, we reach'd Paris as day-light was closing,
 And its aspect, to use a French phrase, was imposing.
 Its magnificent portals, majestic and wide,
 Through which Temple-bar without stooping might ride—
 Its houses of such Brobdignagian height
 That they make Portland-place Lilliputian quite,—
 Its spacious Boulevards with their vistas of green,
 Flank'd with structures of stone that ennoble the scene—
 The Rue de la Paix, with the Tower at its end,
 All of brass like the one in which Danae was penn'd,—
 (This was made out of cannon, and Boney must pop
 Himself, like the knob of a poker, at top;
 But it's gone, and a little white flag met my eyes
 That look'd like a kite in the shadowy skies),—
 All these sights, quickly seen in succession, combined
 To dazzle, delight, and astonish my mind.
 We drove to Meurice's, and there should each thing go
 That, to use Papa's phrase, cannot jabber the lingo,
 For our language is spoken by all that you meet,
 Nay, even the charges are English complete,
 And beef and plum-pudding you get if you choose,
 With young roasted-pig, which the French hate like Jews.
 Next morning with Pa to the Louvre I flew,
 The statues, and marbles, and sculptures to view.
 La! Jenny, they're quite indecorous: why, Madam,
 They've not e'en the primitive wardrobe of Adam!
 I didn't know which way to look; but in France
 These matters are view'd with complete *nonchalance*;
 And the ladies around me, like cool connoisseurs
 Were raving in raptures on limbs and contours—
 "O Dieu! que c'est beau! c'est superbe, magnifique!
 Voilà ce que c'est que de suivre l'antique."

"There 's the young piping Faun—hark, he 's going to warble,
 Is it petrified nature, or animate marble?
 Is this one of the stone-produced men of Deucalion?
 That the vivified nymph of enamour'd Pygmalion?"
 Thus mounting the hobby *Virtù*, the fair prancers
 Interrogate statues, though none of them answers;
 Then hurry to criticise ice at Tortoni's,
 Or the elephant actor that plays at Franconi's.

Colour'd gowns without sleeves are the promenade dress,
 Which to me has a servant-like look, I confess;
 Some wear an elaborate cap, but upon it
 Not an atom of hat or 'iota of bonnet!
 Then they lace down their waists, while the garment so scant is
 That you see the hips working like lean Rozinantes;
 And 'tis painful to mark the unfortunate stout
 Screwing every thing in that the hips may stick out.
 Their legs, as our malaprop statesman once said,
 "Form the capital feature in which they 're ahead"
 Of us and of all from the Thames to the Po,
 And the reason is plain—they are always on show;
 For to walk on such horrible pavements as these
 They must constantly hold up their clothes to the knees.—
 I shall tell you, of course, all the lions I've seen,
 And the places and wonders at which I have been;
 But as things of importance flow first to my pen,
 You shall hear of my bonnet in Rue Vivienne.

The bonnets in fashion are sable as ink,
 But there's nothing, to me, so becoming as pink;
 And my visage would look, in black lining and borders,
 Less feminine, Jenny, than Mr. Recorder's.
 So I vow'd I would do my face justice, in spite
 Of fashion and France, and not look like a fright.
 The French I have learnt is what Chaucer, you know,
 Says was taught to the scholars at Stratford-by-Bow,
 But at Paris unknown—so I got a Precisian
 To teach me the phrases and accent Parisian;
 And in stating my wants I was cautious to close
 With—"Il faut qu'il soit doublé en couleur de rose."
 I wish you had seen their indignant surprise,
 The abhorrence they threw in their shoulders and eyes,
 And the solemn abjurings each minx took upon her,
 As if I had offer'd offence to her honour.
 "Nous en avons en noir—mais O Ciel! O Dieu!
 En rose!! Ah, vous n'aurez pas ça dans la rue.
 Ce n'est pas distingué—c'est très mal-homméte,
 C'est passé—c'est chassé"—Six weeks out of date!
 Then they tried on their own, and exclaimed How becoming!
 "C'est charmant—distingué;"—I knew they were humming,
 For I look'd just as sable, and solemn, or worse
 Than the plume-bearing figure preceding a hearse.—
 Would they put in a lining of pink, if I waited?
 This point was in corners and whispers debated;
 But granted, on pledge not to tell: for they said, it
 Might implicate deeply their *à-la-mode* credit.
 And the price? "Soixante francs, quand c'est monté comme cela;
 C'est toujours prix-fixé—nous ne marchandons pas."
 I blush'd as I offer'd them forty; but they
 Took the cash without blushing or once saying nay.

I think you'll allow me one merit, dear Jane,—
 I'm the least of all women inclined to be vain ;
 But this bonnet, I frankly confess, did enhance
 The notion I had of myself—and of France.
 The value I set on my beauty is small,
 For the manner—the fashion's the thing, after all :
 Thus in bonnets it isn't the feathers and lace,
 So much as the smartness, gentility, grace,
 That the wearer possesses ;—now these, you'll acknowledge, I
 May modestly claim without any apology ;
 And I offer you none for this lengthen'd report
 On my bonnet, (the plume would be handsome *at Court*),
 For I'm sure my dear Jenny would wish me to state
 All that interests deeply my feelings and fate.

The scene where my purchase first made its *début*
 I reserve for the next—for the present adieu :
 I meant to add more, but I hear Papa call,
 So can only subscribe myself—Yours, Mary Ball.

P. S.

Pray, Jenny, don't quarrel with me, but the laws,
 If I write on this flimsy and bibulous gauze ;
 For were I to scribble on substance less taper,
 They would charge double-postage, though one sheet of paper.
 I think the Police has commanded it thin
 For reading outside all the secrets within.

2nd P. S.

I've just time to add, (having open'd my letter,)
 That I like my new bonnet still better and better.

LETTERS ON A TOUR IN SWITZERLAND.

NO. III.

Ev'n here where Alpine solitudes extend,
 I sit me down a pensive hour to spend.

GOLDSMITH.

WE left Chamounix by way of the sublime Alpine pass of the *Tête Noire*. We should have preferred passing over the mountain of the Col de Balme, but the weather was thick and cloudy, and all the attractions of the Col de Balme consist in its commanding prospect of the Alps around Mont Blanc, for the enjoyment of which a clear sky is indispensable. We had no reason to repent our choice ; for the scene of wild magnificence presented by the *Tête Noire*, is certainly one of the most remarkable and the most interesting which Alpine scenery can afford. Nature appears here to luxuriate in savage grandeur : she has here achieved her masterpiece in the style of sombre magnificence ; and the traveller may be said to sup full of all the horrors of the picturesque. Chamounix itself, with all its impending snows and glaciers, presents a picture of smiling beauty and graceful loveliness, in comparison with this dark glen of rocks, and precipices, and cataracts, funereal firs, inaccessible crags, and bottomless abysses—

“Umbrarum hic locus est, somni, noctisque soporæ.”

and one has abundant reason to invoke with the poet “*umbræ silentes*,” and all other deities of night and gloom, before attempting to describe these vales, on which the sun never shines, and where the rocks eter-

nally echo the roar of the cataract. The valley, of which one side is bounded by the gigantic range of gloomy precipice, called the Tête Noire, is named Valorsine. In general, it is not half a mile in width. A few green pastures, studded with châteaux and goatherds' cottages, lie deep sunk in the abyss, overhung on both sides by cliffs and wild precipices, rising rank above rank in gloomy grandeur, clothed with ranks of black firs, sometimes relieved by the lighter green foliage of the beech and larch. Here and there a bright cascade is seen, pouring its silvery and foaming stream down the rocks and amidst the foliage, till it finds its way into the furious torrent called the *Eau Noire*, which foams along the bottom of the glen. The village (as it is called) of Valorsine is situated in the middle of this valley, consisting of a few wooden châteaux and huts inhabited by cowherds, and surrounded by pastures inclosed with rude stone walls. The people of Valorsine are said to be a remarkably fine race. I cannot say we saw any striking instances of beauty. They supplied us with some excellent milk, not served up by the "*fraîches et discrètes laitières*" of Rousseau : at least, the former charm was wanting—the latter, probably for that reason, might exist in high perfection. Our Chamounix guides (the ever-to-be-respected François Simon and Vincent Payaud), who were most conscientious Cicérons on all occasions, and never spared the legs of mules or men when a cascade or a point of view was within reach, insisted on our climbing about half a league up the sides of a mountain to admire a cascade, which they assured us, by way of recommendation, had so captivated *Monsieur Canning*, *l'Ambassadeur Anglais*, that he gave them five francs on condition that they should shew it to all his countrymen who passed that way. The cascade of Barberine we found to be a fine fall of turbulent foam, which any where else than in this land of cascades would have been well worth the soaking from the spray, which was the price our admiration cost us. From Valorsine we proceeded to Trient, by a path full of the most romantic beauties ; at first, along the valley, following the sides of the torrent, which we crossed and recrossed several times by rude narrow wooden bridges, over which our mules stepped most dextrously. We then rapidly ascended a dangerous and wild path up the sides of the mountain of the Tête Noire, passing along the edge of continual precipices, and fir-covered rocks and heights beetling over our heads. In one of the wildest spots in this scene is an enormous mass of solid rock, half covered with brushwood, lichen, and moss, and which, to our surprise, was inclosed within neat new deal palisadoes. A long inscription announced that this rock was the fee-simple of Lord Guildford, who had purchased it of the Commune, and inclosed it, from a feeling of fondness for this romantic glen, through which he had passed on returning from Greece and Italy. We also heard it said, that his Lordship had endeavoured to purchase the little lake of Chêde, in Savoy, whose crystal face perpetually reflects the snows of Mont Blanc—curious instances of the pleasure conferred by the feeling of *property* in any object that is interesting, even though the full enjoyment of that object is in no degree rendered more easy or complete by the possession of the title-deeds. Lord Guildford's cosmopolitan feelings and locomotive habits are not less remarkable than his knowledge and attainments.

We arrived at the little cluster of huts and châteaux, called Trient,

somewhat glad to escape from dizzy precipices and rocky glens, in passing which it was difficult to participate the *sang froid* of our guides and mules. Trient is situated in one of the wildest and most desolate scenes that can be conceived; and the châteaux and their inhabitants, almost equal, in uncouthness and wild simplicity, what one conceives of a tribe of Esquimaux or New Zealanders. Their provisions appeared not much of a superior description. Some sour wine, bad cheese, and potatoes, were all that the *inn* of the place afforded; which however we dispatched in a sort of cabin where we could scarcely stand upright, with a wooden window, which served for the bed-room and dwelling-room of the family. We presently remounted our mules, and wound by a steep and difficult path, over rocks and amidst brushwood, to the summit of the range of mountains called the Forclaz, which here incloses the valley of the Rhone, and separates the lower country of the Vallais from Savoy. On reaching the summit, a new scene opened upon us—bold shelving mountains, covered with alternate pastures and forests, gradually slope down to the valley of the Rhone, through which, at three leagues distance, the river was gliding in silvery and meandering brightness; while far beyond, the horizon was closed up by the rugged heights beyond Sion, sometimes frowning under a black burthen of clouds, and at others glittering forth in all their snowy splendour. Descending the mountain-path, we arrived in the Rhone valley, and presently found ourselves in the dirty and desolate town of Martigny—a place which concentrates a large portion of the filth, disease, and bigotry of the canton of Vallais, one of the most filthy, unwholesome, and bigoted countries of Europe.

The people have all an appearance of misery and stupidity; and dirt and wretchedness pervade every habitation. We were surprised; however, to find a smaller number of Goitres and Cretins than we had expected. Some still exist; but so many of these helpless wretches had perished in the revolutionary wars, that their number is very insignificant in comparison with what it was twenty years ago. Both Mr. Cox and Dr. Moore speak of Martigny as the head-quarters of this wretched calamity. We saw only a few hanging about the inns and the church, and endeavouring to attract the commiseration of travellers by a display of their infirmities. Many of them are deaf, dumb, and complete idiots. Some have a sort of inarticulate power of speech, and a very slender portion of intellect; and others appear to be only visited with the personal deformity of a tumour on the neck, and features slightly distorted, without any affection in speech, hearing, or common sense. In short, you meet in the valleys every gradation of this singular malady, from the most hideous objects of disease and imbecility to the gentle protuberance and roundness of neck, which is observable in the finest women in the Vallais, and indeed in Switzerland generally. The causes of this affliction have hitherto puzzled the investigation of naturalists. Saussure ascribes it to the relaxing tendency of the warm and stagnant air in these close Alpine valleys, of which the Vallais, where the disease is most found, is certainly the closest and worst ventilated. This singular valley, formed by the course of the Rhone, is not less than one hundred miles in length from its frontier on the canton of Uri to its junction with the Pays de Vaud; walled in on all sides by a magnificent chain of mountains,

whose peaks and summits vary from a thousand to fourteen thousand feet in height. The valley is in few places above a league or a league and a half in width; and being entirely defended from the winds of the north, and very slightly accessible to those from any other quarter, its heat in summer is excessive. In some spots the corn is ripened and cut in the month of May. Between Sion and Martigny Fahrenheit's thermometer commonly stands in the shade in the summer months at 79, 80, and rises exposed to the sun to 114, 120. Wild asparagus grows commonly, and figs and almonds are ripened with ease. A very strong wine is produced almost without trouble, which might be rendered excellent if the Valaisans were skilful and industrious in the cultivation of the grape. It is not surprising that a narrow valley of this temperature, and in which the Rhone occasions vapour and marshy ground, should be found unhealthy; and it seems not improbable that these circumstances may contribute to the flaccid and diseased habits of the population. Some persons ascribe the tumours on the neck to certain deleterious qualities in the water; and a sensible gentleman assured us, that when the tumour has been opened, it has generally been found to contain a sort of kernel, apparently formed by an accretion of calcareous particles. It is difficult to conceive that any peculiarity in the water can *alone* produce this effect, which is endemic, to a greater or less degree, in all the valleys of the Alps from Savoy to Carinthia; but that this cause may co-operate with others is very probable. The air of the valleys is considered so peculiarly productive of the disorder, that many individuals who can afford the expense, send their wives to a village in the mountains before their lying-in, and children are often sent to the mountains to be reared. The filthy habits of the Valaisans, joined to the frequent deformity in the people, must also materially assist the disease, producing a disgusting and painful contrast with the sublime beauties of the natural scenery. In the Vallais all but the features "of man is divine." Martigny suffered severely in the year 1818 from the dreadful inundation of the river Dranse, which here unites with the Rhone. Many houses were washed away, and a considerable number of persons perished; and heaps of ruins and rubbish, and accumulations of sand and rock, still attest the violence of this calamity. In ascending from Martigny to the Grand St. Bernard, we saw more of its devastating effects. The road winds for a distance of two leagues through a gorge, between abrupt mountains formed by the course of the rapid Dranse; and every step presents traces of the overwhelming force of the inundation of 1818. The torrent now flows in its natural accustomed bed, about thirty feet in width, but the channel worked out by the swollen torrent of 1818 is six or seven times that width, indeed nearly of the width of the bottom of the valley—a vast ravine half choaked up with mud, sand, prostrate firs and oaks, *debris* of granite, and scattered remnants of timber and masonry—

nunc lapides adesos,
Stirpesque raptas, et pecus et domos
Volventis unâ, non sine montium
Clamore, vicinæque sylvæ.

Some of the masses of rock, hurled down the channel from the mountains, are thirty or forty feet in height, and scarcely less in diameter.

Several entire villages were swept away, with the loss of almost every inhabitant. Above two hundred persons are computed to have perished, and large tracts of pasture, and orchard and meadow are irrecoverably lost. This dreadful event was occasioned by the overflowing of the waters of a lake in the valley of Bagnes, which is fed by the immense glacier of Tzermontane. The glacier is of enormous extent, and the waters, swollen by an unusual melting of the snow and glacier, broke the banks of the lake, and precipitated themselves down the channel of the Dranse into the valley of the Rhone. This was not the first *debordement* which had occurred from a similar cause and produced similar effects; and the people now live under the certain apprehension that after the accumulation of a considerable number of years, the same affliction will revisit them.

The government of the Vallais has done what its limited means allow to relieve the sufferers, and to avert the evil for the future. A channel has been opened, by which part of the accumulations from the glacier are gradually drained off; but the remedy is very inadequate, and the costs of making it more complete are quite out of the reach of the republican government of the Vallais. Had the calamity occurred during the time when the Vallais formed a province of the French empire, Napoleon's engineers would probably have contrived a tunnel through the solid mountain, by which the *debacle* of the glacier might have found a regular outlet to the Rhone. The daring arm which had vanquished the rocks of the Simplon and the Rhine would (if, indeed, the safety of these mountaineers had ever interested its selfish policy) have achieved this new triumph over the forces of nature. But a war with nature and the elements is rather too costly for a poor petty republic; and the Valaisans, I believe, had much rather live in annual dread of the fury of the Dranse, than submit to the grinding oppressions of a protecting empire, and the cruelties of French soldiery.

Nothing can be more beautiful and romantic than the early part of the ascent from Martigny to the Grand St. Bernard, or more sublime and desolate than the latter part of the journey. One branch of the Dranse has its source on the Mont St. Bernard, and the torrent descends in a tempestuous and winding course of seven or eight leagues, till it joins the main stream at St. Branchier, near Martigny. The valley by which the stream descends is called the valley of Entremont; and the mule-path to the St. Bernard follows the windings of the Dranse up the wild, magnificent, and fertile scenes of the mountain-vale. For about six leagues the road presents all the grand and diversified beauties of Alpine scenery, all its union of luxuriant richness with imposing sublimity—pastures of the loveliest green, forests crowning majestic heights, the spires and villages of St. Orsieres, Liddes, and St. Pierre, niched in the hollow of the green glen watered by the torrent, and high above all, the frozen and snowy heights of the Mont Velan and the St. Bernard, the clouds resting on their heads, or sometimes scudding and floating round their sides. For bold open slopes and shelving mountains of smiling fertility and careful cultivation few Alpine valleys can be compared with this of Entremont; few unite so much of grand Alpine proportions with such an exquisite succession of green and softened landscape. St. Pierre is the last village on the

ascent, and three leagues from the convent of the St. Bernard: it is five thousand and four feet above the level of the sea, and nature already begins to wear a crabbed and wintry aspect. The herbage grows thin and mossy, cultivation more rare, few fields are seen except pastures, the fine beech woods have disappeared, and the firs, feathering up the sides of the mountains, have a bare branchless Norwegian character. These features are more striking as you advance; till on arriving about a league and half beyond the village, the last struggles of vegetation give way to the chilling influence of the eternal winter which here begins to reign. A few leafless fir stumps and a little coarse grass and moss cling about the rocks and stones which lie scattered on all sides. The air becomes extremely chilling and keen; and you constantly find yourself enveloped in a damp and drizzling cloud. The Dranse is now dwindled to a small but impetuous torrent, brawling over rocks almost without a regular channel. Almost the last spot of green is a small pasture of wretched grass belonging to the monks of the convent, where they feed a few cows or sheep for a few weeks in the year. One of the monks, in the costume of the order, was looking after the cattle. The wild sublimity of the scenes which we now passed was much obscured by perpetual clouds and mist. Now and then the clouds broke away, and discovered to us, for a short time, the bleak bare rocks, the impending glaciers, and gloomy crags which hemmed us in on all sides. A brown bare sterility was observable all around. The snows were not considerable, owing to the mildness of the season and the warm rains which had fallen in abundance. The reign of animal and vegetable life we had left far below us; and with them every object of picturesque beauty had ceased. The guides conducted us to a little low hut which serves for the charnel-house of the convent. There is not sufficient earth within some miles of the convent to dig a grave; and the bodies of such unfortunate persons as perish in this dangerous Alpine pass are placed in this building, where the extreme rarity and coldness of the atmosphere prevents putrefaction. Amidst tattered remains of clothes and an accumulation of dry bones, was one shrivelled mummy-like corpse, with the garments in good preservation, which had been placed there in the preceding winter. There was no kind of effluvia, or any symptom of putrefaction. This dry dark abode of death, the only kind of building in sight, adds not a little to the dreary character of the scene, and the gloomy sensations which every object is calculated to inspire. After pursuing various narrow passes and defiles, amidst rocks and chasms in which the Dranse has worn for itself a narrow and irregular channel, we discovered at the end of a narrow gorge between the mountains, the white gable ends of the convent, surmounted by its pious emblem of the crucifix. Our mules appeared to erect their ears at the pleasing prospect; and selecting, with their unerring discretion, a safe path over the snow and rocks and up a rude sort of flight of steps hewn in the mountain, safely landed us at the great door of the convent, where the sub-prior and another brother received us with hospitable welcome. D.

CAMPAIGNS OF A CORNET.

NO. III.

THE Baron's wound, like Mercutio's, was neither "as deep as a well nor as wide as a church-door," but still it was serious enough to give him great pain and anxiety. An English surgeon belonging to another regiment declared that it was unnecessary to be under any apprehension; but the Baron, who found a new tie to existence in the possession of the four hundred crowns, for which he had paid so dear, and who thought it was better to bear the ills he had "than fly to others that he knew not of," betrayed considerable anxiety with regard to the consequences of the clerical admonition which he had received. We were compelled to leave our gallant commander, and proceed without him to our regiment, where in a few days afterwards he joined us. We found our corps stationed in the neighbourhood of the Ebro, within a few leagues of Saragossa. I was struck with admiration at the fine appearance and perfect appointment of the men, who, though they had been abroad many years, displayed the good discipline and martial air of veterans, with all the neatness and cleanliness which our troops are remarkable for at home. The town at which we were stationed was called Reomilines, and abounded in good provisions. Instead of the "spare fast," which oft with soldiers "doth diet," I found my brothers in arms indulging at this place in all sorts of luxuries—that is to say, feasting in great plenty on very tolerable joints of mutton. The great desideratum I soon found to be bottled London porter, which was considered very reasonable at a dollar a bottle, a price equivalent at that time to about six and fourpence. While all the infantry of the army, and some *favoured* regiments of cavalry, were passing the winter amid the snows of the Pyrenees, with no other hopes of glory than what a death by starvation could furnish, we were enjoying ourselves in this peaceable part of the country, performing the regular routine of our military duties, studying the Spanish character, and visiting whatever was worthy of observation in the neighbourhood. The only incident which occurred to enliven the tedium of our residence at Reomilines, which really partook of the character of country quarters, (with the exception of falling out with the Spanish men, and in love with the Spanish women, and out of humour with the amusements of a Spanish village); the only incident, I say, which can properly claim insertion in these military commentaries, was one of rather a serious nature to the parties concerned.

In consequence of the accumulation of offences, it was determined at this time to hold what I may call a species of martial assizes—sessions of *oyer* and *terminer* of all campaigning quarrels and breaches of punctilio, and a general gaol delivery of all plundering sergeants, licentious corporals, and poor petty-larceny privates. The court was held under the warrant of the Commander of the Forces, at the head-quarters of General Lord ———, the president; and I, having been summoned to sit upon the court, was present at all the proceedings, although my services were not called for, in consequence of the requisite number of thirteen members having been already filled up. Many cases occurred which would have afforded a high relish, even to the

vitiated palates of an Old Bailey audience. The most common charge was that of plundering the peasantry, relieved occasionally by a complaint of the importunate gallantry of some Irish grenadier. The only case of which I have now any distinct recollection, was the trial of an officer, whose whole conduct appeared to be tintured with something more than eccentricity. There were three distinct charges against him; 1st, For neglecting his duty while upon picquet, by which a portion of the baggage had been lost. 2dly, For using the troop horses for the purpose of dog-hunting, whilst at an hospital station; and 3dly, For being intoxicated while in quarters, disobeying the orders of his commanding officer, and calling him an ass. In the language of this military indictment all these offences were *laid*—as unbecoming the character of an officer and a gentleman, highly subversive of all military discipline, and contrary to the articles of war and the act of parliament in that case made and provided. The judges of this august court, instead of the usual paraphernalia of wigs and gowns, were required to appear in full regimentals, with their swords, and a competent supply of ball-cartridge, in case of emergency. The court met in a spacious apartment in a neighbouring convent, which had, I believe, formerly been appropriated to similar purposes, by the holy fraternity of St. Dominick. The court only sate from eleven o'clock till three, and the trial lasted several days. I was particularly amused with the demeanour of some of the juvenile judges, who, whilst the witnesses were giving their evidence, were often busily employed in discussing the eternal and unchangeable principles of *dress*. The prosecutor was the commanding officer of the regiment to which the offender belonged, and was a principal witness upon all the three charges, although a great part of his evidence consisted merely of *hearsay*. The evidence in support of the first charge was, that the criminal on the morning when the loss took place, had been placed in a situation to prevent the enemy from intercepting our baggage, but that instead of keeping a diligent watch, he had snugly established himself under the lee of a house, and was expounding Anacreon, with a running commentary, to an admiring circle, consisting of the sergeant, corporal, trumpeter, and three of the most enlightened of his men. He was just finishing the sixth ode, *εἰς συμποσίων*, to which his companions were adding a practical commentary, in their earnest attentions to their officer's flask of brandy, when one of the servants from the baggage came galloping in, followed by two French dragoons at the distance of about three hundred yards, and told the astonished philologist, with the woe-begone countenance of Priam's messenger, that "half his baggage was ta'en." There was no remedy for this evil, and the party was forced to make a hasty retreat. The second charge was founded on an offence which had long been committed with impunity, and which was now for the first time brought under martial cognizance. There being no fox-hunting in Spain, it was a common amusement with the officers of the army—an amusement originally introduced by a colonel of great sporting celebrity—to tie a kettle, or some other noisy appendage, to the tail of a dog, when the terrified animal scouring over the face of the country, afforded a chase which frequently led these military Nimrods a ride of twenty miles over hill and dale. It appeared that the accused had certainly partaken of the amusements which this novel style of hunting

afforded; but there was no evidence to shew that he had ever ridden troop horses, a fact which only existed in the fertile imagination of his prosecutor. The accused seemed quite regardless of the evidence which was brought forward to substantiate the two first charges; but he applied himself with great earnestness to the last, vehemently denying the imputation of inebriety, and setting up the truth of the words he had spoken as a justification. To establish this part of his case, he cross-examined his prosecutor with considerable ingenuity, and at last ingenuously demanded from him, whether he did not himself think he was a fool. This was almost too much for the dignity of the court; and being considered in the light of a contempt, it certainly tended to aggravate his punishment. As the charges were not made out in the clearest manner, he was only sentenced to three months suspension, which I afterwards understood he dedicated to the Muses; and having now no baggage to lose, he gave himself up to the unrestrained delight of perusing his favourite Anacreon.

In the month of February 1813 we left our country quarters on the Ebro, and proceeded to join the army in France under the command of the Marquess of Wellington. We passed through the town of Pampeluna, and halted there on a Sunday, when a curious incident occurred. The officer of a dragoon regiment, related to a noble family, was so smitten with the charms of a pretty chambermaid at the Posada where he was staying, and so dazzled at the thought of twenty dollars, which it was understood she was possessed of, that he was determined at all events to become master of the prize. In England he might have purchased a licence, and tied the holy knot without farther trouble, but in Spain there was a preliminary ceremony to go through. The fair chambermaid was unwilling to endanger her soul by uniting herself to a heretic, so that our gallant countryman was constrained to embrace the Catholic faith, before the Catholic fair. This was done in the cathedral church of Pampeluna at an immense concourse of Spaniards, and the two ceremonies of renunciation and union were performed by the cardinal archbishop. As may be supposed, this match did not turn out very happily. A few weeks after their marriage the parties separated; the lady returned to her household gods, and the Neophyte to the faith of his forefathers.

The Pyrenees presented a very different aspect as we recrossed them. On every side of us the rocks were covered to their lofty summits with snow, which contrasted finely with the clear blue sky. The depth of the snow was such that we were frequently compelled to dismount, and lead our horses through it. Descending from the higher mountains, we found a comparative summer in the valleys, and we proceeded, at the usual day's march of fifteen or twenty miles, through the towns of Tolosa, Irun, and Fontarabia, where "Charlemagne with all his peerage fell." On the day of leaving St. Jean de Luz we passed Bayonne, which was at that time besieged by the first division of infantry under Sir John Hope. The regular road lies directly through the town, but in consequence of the siege we were forced to diverge to the left, and cross the Adige between Bayonne and the sea. Our march until we reached the river was through heavy sands. The pontoon-bridge, by which we crossed, was one of the most successful and ingenious contrivances which the engineer department had pro-

duced during the war. The Adige is of considerable breadth, and judging at the moment, I should have said it was nearly as broad as the Thames at London-bridge. The passage of the river was effected in the following manner: several *chasse-marées* were brought up and anchored with double chain-cables, at regular distances across the river, and over these a double net-work of cables was thrown, the strength of which was sufficient to bear any weight, and at the same time afforded a firm and secure footing. Although exposed to the enemy's fire during the whole time of passing, we accomplished our transit without any accident whatsoever. On leaving Bayonne our route for several days lay through sandy forests, and here was the commencement of our privations and fatigues. The deep sandy roads knocked up our horses and baggage-animals, while the want of all fresh provisions compelled us to subsist entirely on the most execrable ration beef. The houses, or rather the hovels, in which we were lodged at night, were generally untenanted and despoiled of every convenience. In one respect we were fortunate enough—we had plenty of clothing, in which some of the infantry regiments were miserably deficient. On our march we met some regiments proceeding to St. Jean de Luz to procure clothing: for the most part they were entirely without shoes and stockings.

We now diverged to the right, and passing the town of Dax, celebrated for its hot-wells, we again inclined toward the Pyrenees, and recrossed the Adige. We had been for some days close upon the heels of the army, and we were highly chagrined to find how many laurels had been reaped without our assistance. The victory of Orthes had been succeeded by several gallant charges, in which both the cavalry and infantry had been engaged. We frequently fell in with waggon loads of sick and wounded, and large bodies of prisoners going to the rear. On the day on which we recrossed the Adige we met the fifth and seventh divisions of the army, under the command of Lieut.-Gen. the Earl of Dalhousie, not—

Dalhousie the great god of war,
Lieutenant-Colonel to the Earl of Mar,

but a worthy descendant of his. The day before we joined the army, we had halted about two o'clock in the afternoon, in the expectation of taking up our quarters for the night in a neighbouring town, when we received orders to push forward to the front, and, marching at a sharp trot till two o'clock in the morning, we arrived at our station. For miles before we reached the army the country before us was one blaze of light, and as we passed through the camps of the different regiments on the road-side, we were received with loud cheers. The night of my arrival was, I think, the most miserable I ever spent. The rain had been falling in torrents, and as our baggage was left far behind us, we had neither tents nor provisions, except what our holster-pipes could contain. Into one of mine I had crammed a Bologna sausage, which seemed made for the purpose, and a little bread and cheese, while in the other I had contrived to deposit a comfortable bottle of brandy. As soon as I arrived I threw myself from my horse, and applying my mouth to the mouth of the flask, (a proceeding technically termed *sucking the monkey*), I soon fell into a sound sleep, which I enjoyed for

about three hours and a half, when I was roused for the purpose of commanding a foraging party. I soon found that our yesternight's exertions had taken effect on both horses and men : all around me I saw nothing but

Troops of pains and regimental woes.

We seemed just to have forestalled a party of the enemy, who appeared to be advancing with views similar to our own ; however, as I pushed forward as vigorously as our tired horses would allow me, I gained the place in view, and we suffered no disturbance. We found plenty of straw in the town, and I was fortunate enough to secure, on my own account, a good supply of wholesome provender, consisting of bread, ham, and a little very pleasant brandy. We returned to the camp in about two hours, and found our baggage had arrived, which enabled me to make a comfortable cup of tea, to which a slice of the captured ham afforded an excellent relish. I was startled out of a gratifying doze, into which I had just fallen, by the bugles sounding to horse, and in less than ten minutes we were all of us mounted and in order. A large body of the army, of which we formed a part, moved upon the town of Tarbes, a large and populous place. The scene, in passing through this town, was one of the most brilliant I had yet beheld. We saw the enemy, stationed at the top of the hills which overlooked the town, engaged with several bodies of our troops, which were attempting to turn their position. As we marched through the principal streets of Tarbes, the inhabitants flocked out of their houses to gaze at us as we passed ; and certainly a gallant sight it was, our colours being all displayed, and our bands striking up a variety of gay and martial tunes. We were greeted on every hand with cries of *Vivent les Anglais ! Vivent les Portugueses !* although the French were yet contesting the outskirts of the town. The moment we made our appearance in the suburbs, the enemy commenced a brisk fire upon us. The troop of artillery attached to our brigade was immediately sent forward to return the compliment. It fell to the lot of the squadron to which I was attached to perform the duty of covering the guns, that is to say, of ranging ourselves in line close behind them. I now began to think the matter rather serious, and certainly it seemed high time to prepare our testamentary documents. This friendly salutation between us and the enemy continued for the space of three or four hours, when the position being nearly turned, we were ordered forward to charge a body of dragoons which yet kept their station. Nothing struck me more forcibly on this occasion than the contrast between my own horse and the steeds of the old campaigners, which had been used to the service. While my own charger snorted, pranced, and plunged under me, and like the war-horse in Scripture seemed to cry Ha ! ha ! the horses which had been accustomed to the sound of the firing and had seen their fellows drop around them, stood trembling excessively as if in terror of a similar fate. This fact furnishes an illustration of the distinction between physical and moral courage. A young soldier when he first goes into battle, however hot and impatient he is, has still a little throbbing at his heart, and a little trembling in his limbs ; while a veteran, on the contrary, loses all these symptoms of rash and youthful valour, and becomes more collected and calm in proportion

as he is acquainted with the extent of the dangers with which he is environed. But to the charge. The enemy prudently filed off as we advanced, and just as we were preparing to make a deadly onset upon them, they put spurs to their horses and made off with the most mortifying coolness. I confess I had wrought up my spirit to perform some terrible prodigies of valour, and when I saw our prey escape, I felt in the situation of a bow, the string of which has slipped just as the arrow has been drawn to the head.

Although we were disappointed in the present instance, a few days afterwards we had a *rencontre* which was sufficient to satisfy the keenest appetite. I have already, in the commencement of these my commentaries, attempted to describe my sensations during an infantry charge; but the same operation when I was mounted on the back of an ungovernable beast of a charger, proved a very different affair. It was about sunset after a long day's march, and we had halted and were just lighting our camp-fires, calculating amongst ourselves who would be the happy man to go out upon picquet, when we were suddenly ordered to mount and advance immediately. The enemy's picquet was within a few yards before us, and I with about twenty men was ordered forward to skirmish with them. Skirmishing is by no means a pleasant occupation; it is too like a harlequinade. My men made a very skilful use of their carbines, and we gradually drove the enemy's skirmishers in. I observed that they fell in upon a regiment of French dragoons, which were stationed upon an open space of ground on the outside of a small town. The object of our movement I immediately found to be, to attack this body of horse. Our regiment had no sooner arrived on the plain than we formed in front of the enemy. I was called in with my party just as our soldiers had drawn their sabres. This looked as if they were in earnest. The squadron to which I belonged was the first, and indeed the only one which charged. We advanced at a steady trot till we were about ten yards from the enemy, when the words "gallop," "charge," followed close upon one another, and every man dashed the rowels in his steed," and fixed himself firmly in his saddle. Like a young sportsman who first draws a trigger, I no sooner touched my horse's flank with my heel, than I involuntarily shut my eyes, and immediately after I felt a most tremendous shock. This made me look about me, and I perceived that the impetus of my noble charger had laid three French jades and their riders prostrate before me. One of the dragoons, a light active fellow, had just gained his legs, and with *sacre* in his mouth, and a long sabre in his hand, was about to wreck his vengeance upon my Bucephalus; when a back-handed blow from my sword upon his headpiece put a speedy termination to his schemes of revenge. Our squadron did not cover the whole front of the French regiment, but as far as we did extend, wherever we came in contact, the enemy were, to use Bonaparte's own expression, completely "*bouleversée, renversée.*" A portion of the enemy retired about a hundred yards, and immediately formed again with great adroitness; but we were so little disordered by the first attack, that we were ready, as soon as they were in order, to make a fresh charge, which we instantly did with the same spirit and the same success as before. The discomfited party, supported by a fresh squadron of hussars, again shewed front in the town; and so slightly had our men suffered in

these two charges, a thing almost unparalleled, but proceeding, no doubt, from the weak state of the French horses and men, that we repeated the dose again in the centre of the market-place, while the French inhabitants were looking out of their windows, and screaming with horror and amazement at the skilful manner in which we administered it. The French displayed their usual gallantry; and though they were evidently unfit to stand up before us, on being driven out of the town they tried the experiment a fourth time with the same success: nothing but darkness prevented us from either killing or capturing every man of them.

A great number of prisoners fell into our hands; but our principal object, as is the usage and practice of dragoons, was to capture horses, and not men; seeing that the quadruped will fetch about two hundred crowns, whereas the biped is utterly worthless. We returned into the town with our prizes, where in consequence of the darkness of the night and some of our men having straggled, a little plundering took place. Indeed so great was the hurry and confusion of all these transactions, that after I had got into camp, I discovered a couple of fine roasted gallinas and a bottle of sparkling champaigne, which made an excellent supper; nor could I complain of the want of provisions for several days afterwards. I was roused the following morning by a messenger from my old friend and commander the Baron, who had received a severe wound in the head, and was just delivering up his sword to the common enemy. I found him certainly on the point of capitulation: he was still sensible; and beckoning to me to approach the spot where he lay, which was a dry ditch, covered by a tarpaulin supported at the corners with four sticks, he appointed me his executor, desiring me to transmit the produce of his effects to his mother at Nuremberg. There was something very melancholy in my poor friend's departure, under privations and in circumstances like these, though at the same time the scene was not altogether free from the ludicrous. Begging every one else to withdraw, he recounted to me in a whisper the various places in which his multifarious treasures were deposited. He had very little vested in any government funds or in real securities, but in the folds of his doublet, and in various parts of his equipage, he told me, a very considerable sum in gold would be discovered. His principal regret at leaving this world seemed to be the loss of the fine prospect of plunder, which our present circumstances promised. He compared himself to Moses, who perished the moment he was entering upon the land of promise. Before we marched, I performed the duty of my new office, and consigned the remains of the gallant officer to a hole which I caused to be dug for the purpose. He was interred like a soldier, in the most unsophisticated style, without either winding-sheet or coffin. Perchance, reader, if thou hast sojourned in the village of Carbon, thou hast stepped over the ashes of as true a soldier as ever smoked pipe and drank brandy beneath the canopy of Heaven!

The Baron, and one dragoon wounded, were the only losses which we sustained, while, on the contrary, the French had about two hundred men *hors de combat*. After three or four days hard marching, I was sent back, with my own troop and a company of Portuguese *caçadores*, to a small town called St. Martory, to guard the passage of a bridge against the brigands in the mountains and the French troops on the

other side of the river, and to prevent them from annoying the rear and cutting off the supplies of our army. The duty was by no means either a safe or a pleasant one. We were forced to be perpetually on the *qui vive*, not knowing the point from which the enemy would come upon us, though we were assured they were prepared to do so. Our horses were never unsaddled, nor did our men put off their clothes: and we stationed constant picquets on the opposite side of the river towards the Pyrenees. Some of the Portuguese who were employed on this service, caused us considerable alarm one night. Three French deserters, by a circuitous route, were intending to reach St. Martory, and the Portuguese in their alarm multiplied these three men in buckram into a large body of the enemy. The bugle roused me from my bed, to which, as a special favour to them, I had "for that night only" consigned my wearied limbs, and seizing my sword and belt, and placing my casque upon my head, I sallied forth, clothed in the *inexpressibles* usually worn by the Highland regiments. I believe many of the troop wore the same regimentals. The Portuguese were firing pretty sharply when I arrived amongst them, and I expected a serious affair of it. The serjeant of the Portuguese informed me that they had killed one of the enemy, (and sure enough one of the poor dragoons had fallen) and that the rest were lying behind an embankment. I instantly ordered our men to charge; but, as we were proceeding on a trot, we were stopped by the two other deserters, who were lying flat on their faces directly in our road, and who, on being questioned, informed us of the true state of the affair. Thus we returned shivering to quarters, without any loss of life, though not entirely without loss of blood.

E.

 ANACREONTIC.

From the Spanish of D. José Cadalso.

"*Quien de aquesta Collina.*"

Who with yonder festive band
 Downward comes with easy pace,
 With the wine-cup in his hand
 And the smile upon his face?
 With the ivy and the vine
 Are his rosy temples crown'd—
 Jolly swains and nymphs divine
 Lightly there are dancing round,
 To the pipe's enlivening voice
 Every tongue his deeds repeating;
 And with shouts and cheerful noise
 All his jovial coming greeting.
 'Tis Bacchus to a certainty,
 The jolly God—I know him well.
 Sir, you 're mistaken, it was I,
 The author of this bagatelle.

THE attention of general readers has been so long and so exclusively confined to the higher and more celebrated creations of genius, that to expect them to divert it willingly to humbler and more unpretending productions, appears in some degree an idle hope. Men are disposed to estimate things by their outward and visible forms, rather than their real and essential excellence. The eye which has been attracted and dazzled by the magnificence of some splendid palace, turns reluctantly to the lowly and unobtrusive beauty of a retired cottage. To some such mistaken and exclusive feeling may we chiefly ascribe the neglect into which what was once a distinct and pleasing branch of literature has fallen. The ordinary student considers an epigram as the vehicle of some low and ignoble witticism—some malicious personality, or the poor conveyance of a pun. If this sort of composition had never aimed at higher objects, it would have deserved the contempt it has received; but whoever is familiar with the literature of antiquity, will acknowledge, that amongst the Greek epigrams are to be found some of the sweetest flowers which genius has scattered in its flight to immortality.

In this book-making age, when few things are deemed too sacred or too worthless for publicity, and still fewer which deserve to be made public, are left in obscurity, it seems somewhat strange that the ambitious enterprise of our poetical aspirants should have suffered that capacious storehouse of poetry, the Greek Anthologies, to remain so long unexplored. Occasionally, at distant intervals, some tasteful scholar has felt and imitated their beauty, and too often without acknowledgment; but it is only lately that they have been pointed out to the English reader as worthy of his study and admiration. Cumberland, in his admirable essays on the Greek drama, (in the *Observer*) first recommended them to general attention, with some happy translations; and within a few years Mr. Bland has published a volume of selections from the Anthology, many of which are rendered with very great success. As the subject is still new to many of our readers, it may not be uninteresting briefly to trace the progress, and at the same time cite some of the more characteristic specimens of epigrammatic writing, from its origin to our times.

The word epigram, as is manifest, means nothing more than a simple inscription, originally affixed to religious offerings; afterwards it was written on the gate of the Temple, and by a gradual and easy transition, passed to other edifices of a public character—to statues of gods and heroes, and all who had distinguished themselves by their patriotism, courage, or virtue. The name was at first applied without distinction to inscriptions in verse or prose; and the old historians furnish many examples of the latter. Legislators and philosophers soon employed it to convey any political or moral precept which they wished to impress strongly; as from its brevity it might be more easily remembered. Finally, an epigram came to signify, amongst the Greeks, any short piece of poetry which conveyed a single idea, or expressed a single feeling; and what at first was nothing more than the naked communication of a fact, acquired in the end a recognized and respectable station in literature. Those who are unacquainted with this class of ancient

poetry, will form erroneous notions of its character, if they take the French and English epigrams, or even most of those of Martial and Ausonius, for their guide. A modern epigram is a short production, containing some conceit of thought, or play upon words, and generally of a satirical cast. Its inventors, however, never used it as a medium of satire or pun; and very rarely, and only in the decline of Grecian taste, of conceit. In their lighter convivial epigrams, the thought is generally of a melancholy cast—a reflection on the shortness of life, the transitoriness of our enjoyments, or some admonition against the frailties of our nature. The better order was commonly of a serious cast, like this of Pherecrates :—

“Age is the heaviest burthen man can bear,
Compound of disappointment, pain, and care ;
For when the mind’s experience comes at length,
It comes to mourn the body’s loss of strength ;
Resign’d to ignorance all our better days,
Knowledge just ripens when the man decays ;
One ray of light the closing eye receives,
And wisdom only takes what folly leaves.” CUMBERLAND.

As a class of composition the Greek epigram has no counterpart in the literature of any modern language ; and that which corresponds to it the nearest, is the French *madrigal*, the Italian *canzonet*, and the more sober species of English *song*. In expressing a single thought, the Greeks were desirous of making it as simple as possible, and they sought after the simplest and most natural diction. They looked for a style which might become the sentiment, and forbore to imitate the splendid imagery, the varied and artful combinations, the minute descriptions, the developement of character, the fictions and ornaments, the “pomp and circumstance” of the loftier order of poetry. Their restricted space afforded no room for display, and they therefore never aimed at it. Nor do they present any instances of wit—as the word is commonly understood. If they have any wit, it is only in the sense of Pope, who reduces it to mere happiness of language—“what oft was thought, but ne’er so well expressed.” Hence the characteristic epithet of a Greek epigram is ἀφελεια, or neatness and grace. Whilst they resorted to obvious sentiments, and clothed them in simple and delicate language, they were sure to please ; and from the earliest times scholars have found them a source of pleasure and solace in the original, and in imitations and translations they have been perused with delight by those who were unacquainted with the Greek. Johnson has paid an elegant and feeling compliment to an epigram of Aripbron ; and we know that he often devoted his sleepless nights, and the intervals of pain in his last illness, to rendering them into Latin*. We can, thus supported, bear very patiently the sneers of Chesterfield, who was neither scholar nor poet. It is unknown, however, to mere English students, that the Anthology is a great magazine of poetical common-places. It would not be difficult to point out the source of many beautiful passages of modern poetry among the old Greek epigrams. Cumberland detected the original of Ben Johnson’s popular

* Scaliger used to beguile the hours of sleeplessness in turning Martial into Greek.

verses, "Drink to me only with thine eyes," &c. in the erotic pieces of Philostratus; and though they are not the most favourable specimen of the simplicity we have talked of, yet they do not appear to merit the very severe censures of Cumberland. Many other productions which have been long admired, might be followed up to the same source. Poets rarely like to confess their obligations, and where they can poach with so much impunity, there is an additional temptation to be dishonest. Some of the Greek epigrams have a value quite distinct from elegance of expression, and delicacy and truth of sentiment. They illustrate events, manners and feelings, where history from its generality is deficient; and in more than one instance furnish the evidences of history. Herodotus has preserved two of Simonides—the first, on a personage of celebrity in his time; the other, commemorative of one of the most glorious deeds which history has recorded—the sacrifice at Thermopylæ.

"Greatly to die—if this be glory's height,
For the fair meed we own our fortune kind,
For Greece and liberty we plunged to night,
And left a never-dying name behind."

Thucydides, among others, cites the following epitaph on the daughter of the tyrant Hippias, slain by Harmodius and Aristogiton. We give it, not merely as a specimen of concise and appropriate sepulchral inscription, but also as a testimony to the simplicity of the age.

"Daughter of him who ruled the Athenian plains,
This honour'd dust Archidice contains,
Of tyrants mother, daughter, sister, wife—
Her soul was humble, and unstain'd her life."

Aristotle very frequently quotes them to illustrate his assertions; and we are still in possession of several of Plato, which furnish the earliest and almost the only examples of play upon words in the whole Anthology. They are on a favourite boy, whose name was *Aster* (a star)—

"In life thou wert my morning star,
But now that death has stolen thy light,
Alas! thou shinest dim and far,
Like the pale beam that weeps at night," MOORE.

Another to the same—

"Why dost thou gaze upon the sky?
Oh! that I were that spangled sphere,
And every star should be an eye
To wonder on thy beauties here." *Id.*

One more specimen of this philosopher's poetical effusions—

"Whene'er thy nectar'd kiss I sip,
And drink thy breath in melting wine,
My soul then flutters to my lip,
Ready to fly and mix with thine." *Id.*

Diodorus Siculus and Plutarch have likewise preserved a considerable number of these light and fugitive productions. Notwithstanding the diligence of collectors, the Anthology is very far from being complete. The earliest collection of any note is that of Meleager, one of the gentlest and most affecting of poets. He has flung a melancholy grace

over his verses, which renders them inexpressibly touching. His own epigrams are the chief ornaments of his beautiful collection. The following (translated by Mr. Bland) is supposed to be spoken by a lover on the shore of the Hellespont.

“Sea-wandering barks that o’er the Ægean sail
With pennants streaming to the northern gale,
If in your course the Coan strand ye reach,
And see my Phanian musing on the beach,
With eye intent upon the placid sea,
And constant heart that only beats for me,—
Tell my sweet mistress, that for her I haste
To greet her landing from the watery waste :
So Jove shall calm with smiles the waves below,
And bid for you his softest breezes blow.”

This, to a young girl who died on the day of her marriage, is very simple and affecting:—

“Callista, when she loosed her virgin zone,
Found in the nuptial bed an early grave ;
Death claim’d the bridegroom’s right : to death alone
The treasure promised to her spouse she gave.
To sweetest sounds the happy evening fled,
The flute’s soft strain and hymeneal choir ;
At morn sad wailings echo round the bed,
And the glad hymns on quivering lips expire.
The very torches that at fall of night
Shed their bright radiance o’er the bridal room—
Those very torches, with the morning’s light,
Conduct the lovely sufferer to the tomb.”*

One more of Meleager, on a virtuous man,—

“Hail, universal Mother ! lightly rest
On that dead form,
Which, when with life invested, ne’er oppress’d
Its fellow worm.”

This is another of those obvious thoughts which often occur in similar compositions. Martial has employed it ; but, as usual, wrought it into a pun,—

“Mollia nec rigidus cespes tegat ossa, nec illi,
Terra, gravis fueris ; non fuit illa tibi.”

Some of the wags of the last century have imitated it by reversing the prayer, in the epigram on Sir John Vanbrugh, in allusion to the ponderous character of his edifices—

“Lie heavy on him, Earth ! for he
Laid many a heavy load on thee.”

* The thought of being married to death is not uncommon in the Greek and Latin writers. There is another epigram of Paulus Silentiarius, on his daughter, in which it is very gracefully expressed ; and Ovid—

“Nostraque plorantes video super ora parentes,
Et face pro thalami fax mihi mortis adest.”

And old Capulet, over the supposed dead body of Juliet. The beginning is affected and quibbling ; but it concludes in a better strain—

“All things that we ordained festival
Turn from their office to black funeral ;
Our instruments to melancholy bells ;
Our wedding cheer to a sad burial feast ;
Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change,
And bridal flowers serve for a buried corse.”

In the decline and degradation of Grecian power, genius and taste sank under the common doom. The outbreaks of poetry were few and distant, and flung a momentary radiance only over the general darkness. The next collector was Agathias, who gathered together such pieces as he found scattered about the productions of his age. His own poetry was admired by his contemporaries, and is often tender and just, but sometimes betrays the corruption of taste which began to prevail. The following is very spirited: it has, as an anonymous critic has observed of it, "all the gallantry of Waller, with none of his conceits; and all the warmth and poetry of Moore, with none of his indelicacy." No slight share of the plaintiveness and delicacy belongs to the translator, Mr. Merival.

"Go, idle amorous boys!
What are your cares and joys,
To love, that swells the longing virgin's breast?
A flame half hid in doubt,
Soon kindled, soon burnt out,
A blaze of momentary heat at best.
Haply you well may find
(Proud privilege of your kind)
Some friend to share the secret of your heart;
Or, if your inbred grief
Admit of such relief,
The dance, the chase, the play, assuage your heart.
Whilst we, poor hapless maids,
Condemned to pine in shades,
And to our dearest friends our thoughts deny;
Can only sit and weep,
While all around us sleep,
Unpitied languish and unheeded die."

We cannot quit Agathias without quoting another example of a different kind. It shews that the epigram had already lost its uniform simplicity; and independent of its pleasantry, proves that the *dubiety* and cautiousness of lawyers has afforded in other times, as well as in ours, a reason for remonstrance, and the subject of sarcastic wit.

"A plaintiff thus explain'd his cause
To counsel learned in the laws:—
'My bond-maid lately ran away,
And in her flight was met by A,
Who, knowing she belonged to me,
Espoused her to his servant B.
The issue of this marriage, pray,
Do they belong to me or A?'
The lawyer, true to his vocation,
Gave sign of deepest cogitation,
Look'd at a score of books, or near,
Then hemmed, and said—'Your case is clear.
Those children so begot by B,
Upon your bond-maid must, you see,
Be your's or A's;—now, this I say—
They can't be your's if they to A
Belong,—it follows then, of course,
That if they are not his, they're your's.
Therefore, by my advice, in short,
You'll take the opinion of the court.'"

During the dark and barbarous ages that succeeded, the collection of Meleager suffered more than that of Agathias. Whatever was ingenious, elegant, and fanciful, fell under the destructive rage of persecuting priests, who made little distinction between the embellishments which genius had flung over sensuality, and the purest and most beautiful relics of affection and sorrow. Manuscripts decayed, and, for want of transcribers, were sometimes entirely lost; and but for the timely diligence of a few scholars gifted with taste and perseverance, very little of the Greek epigrams would have come down to our times. To Planudes,—Salmasius, the celebrated antagonist of Milton,—but, above all, to the laborious and learned Brunck, are we indebted for that extensive collection, which has recently been edited by Jacobs with very considerable taste and unexampled erudition. We have not space for more than one or two additional selections. Leonidas has very sweetly versified an anecdote familiar to all, but which can never cease to be pleasing, it is so tenderly true to nature. The translation is by Mr. Rogers.

While on the cliff with calm delight she kneels,
And the blue vales a thousand joys recal,
See, to the last, last verge her infant steals!
Oh fly—yet stir not, speak not, lest it fall.
Far better taught, she lays her bosom bare,
And the fond boy springs back to nestle there.

With this of Simmias on Sophocles, translated by Addison, we shall close our extracts from the Greek Anthology.

Wind, gentle evergreen, to form a shade
Around the tomb where Sophocles is laid;
Sweet ivy! lend thine aid, and intertwine
With blushing roses and the clustering vine:
Thus shall thy lasting leaves, with beauties hung,
Prove grateful emblems of the lays he sung.

One great distinguishing excellence of the Greek sepulchral inscriptions is their appropriateness. They do not, like the “Epitaphs to be let” of Pope, deal in any general eulogy, but spring out of the character of the person, and belong to him alone. They contain the name of the deceased, and whatever else is necessary to make them intelligible. Perhaps there is no part of English literature—if literature will permit the association—which is so despicable, as its sepulchral inscriptions. We are inferior not only to the ancients, but even to our contemporaries. No one can visit an English church-yard without being disgusted with the tawdry and unmeaning trash—the ungrammatical and “splay-foot rhymes,” which disfigure the monuments of the departed; and where the same stuff is applied to fifty different persons of different ages, sex, and rank. These “sepulchral lies” have been well described in the epigram:—

“Friend, in your epitaphs I’m grieved,
So very much is said;
One half will never be believed,
The other, never read.”

The Greeks were singularly happy in the appropriateness of this sort of inscription, and in the delicacy with which the traits of character were touched out, and in the pathetic and affectionate language of

sorrow. In judging the Greek epigrams, they must be tried by their own laws. More must not be demanded from them than they were intended to convey. Least of all must we seek in them the wit and *piquancy* which belong to those of our times. Nor will any one derive much pleasure from their perusal, whose taste is not delicate enough to feel that the greatest charm of light poetry is the simple representation of unlaboured sentiments.

The Latin epigrammatists appear to have disdained the exquisite simplicity of their predecessors, and to have sought after more remote and striking combinations. In the midst of a good deal of conceit and some obscenity, Catullus has, however, attained a higher point of elegance and beauty than any other of the Roman wits. Martial somewhere equals him in genius to Virgil, and in this bold opinion he has been followed by some modern critics. Nothing of his that has come down to us justifies such a comparison. Had his imagination been less depraved and his taste more pure, his genius was certainly far beyond that of any of the Greek anthologists, with perhaps the exception of Meleager. Martial has been placed at the head of this class of writers ancient and modern; and if wit and fecundity are sufficient reasons, he deserves the station. In brevity, smartness and variety, he is above Catullus and all other professed epigrammatists. His style is pure and correct, though some very nice judges affect to perceive in it traces of the Spanish dialect. In what Addison calls mixed wit he is scarcely inferior to Cowley. The greatest fault of Martial, which belongs in some measure to his age, is his licentiousness; and notwithstanding the severity with which he reprehends vice, he is frequently its mischievous but seductive teacher. The epigrams of Ausonius are oftener imitations from the Greek than original, and the language had become in his time effeminate and affected.

Among the moderns the epigram has changed its character. Instead of comprehending a wide class of poetry, it has a distinct and limited acceptance. An epigram with us must be a *good thing*, or it is nothing. It is no longer the mould of an elegant and airy thought, or a plaintive and affecting feeling gracefully and artlessly expressed, but of far-fetched and occult resemblances wrought up to the highest polish and point. That delicate tenderness, which belongs to the amatory effusions of the Greeks, is not to be found amongst the epigrams of the moderns: it belongs to a different kind of composition. Of all modern writers Metastasio, perhaps, has been the most successful in finding out this secret path to the heart, although he has decked it too profusely with flowers. The songs of this elegant and pathetic poet approach the most nearly to the Greeks in feeling, though not in simplicity. One great advantage he has in common with his countrymen, in the peculiar softness and melody of his language, which renders it so fit for the sentiments of love. The fertility of his genius is unparalleled. Guarini, Tasso, and others of the Italian poets, are very happy in their amatory poetry, with the abatement of occasional conceits and florid embellishment. The moral sentiments, which makes so large a part of the Greek Anthology, do not exist in separate pieces, but are incorporated into their larger poems. This may be observed of all the modern languages. The Italians, in their sepulchral inscriptions, have closely followed the Latin models; and rarely, if ever, do they entrust their

respect and affection for the departed to a poetical inscription in their native tongue.

The French madrigal is sometimes written in the very spirit of ancient Greece. In condensation of thoughts, happiness of epithet, and delicacy of turn, it is often unequalled. But the language, as well as the character of that mercurial people, is almost too sprightly and vivacious to be chained down to the uniform simplicity and ἀφελεια, of the Greeks. They are too much addicted à dire des fleurettes. Yet what can be more simple-hearted and tender than this address of Madame de Mirepoix to the Duc de Nivernois, avec une boucle de ses cheveux ?

Les voilà, les cheveux depuis long temps blanchis,
D'une longue union qu'ils soient pour vous le gage :
Je ne regrette rien de ce que m'ôta l'âge ;
Il me laisse de vrais amis.
On m'aime presque autant, et j'aime davantage.
L'astre de l'amitié luit dans l'hiver des ans,
Fruit précieux de l'estime, du gout, et du temps ;
On ne s'y méprend plus, on cède à son empire,
Et l'on joint sous les cheveux blancs
Au charme de s'aimer, le droit de se le dire.

Perhaps a more caustic satire was never written than this upon a certain Countess de la Caumont.

Quand l'Eternel, non sans remords,
De la Caumont eût fait le corps,
Sentant qu'une âme raisonnable
Ne pourroit, sans d'affreux dégouts,
Habiter dans un corps semblable,
Il en fit la prison d'un diable !—
—Et c'est le plus damné de tous.

The following affecting lines upon a young and beautiful female, torn away by death from the dearest hopes, is above what might be expected from the imputed inability of the French to feel deeply and sincerely. They are inscribed on an urn, at the entrance of a grove where the young girls of a neighbouring village used to assemble :—

Jeunes beautés, qui venez dans ces lieux
Fouler d'un pied léger l'herbe tendre et fleurie,
Comme vous j'ai connu les plaisirs de la vie,
Vos fêtes, vos transports, et vos aimables jeux.
L'amour berçoit mon cœur de ses douces chimères,
Et l'Hymen me flattoit du destin le plus beau ;
Un instant détruisit ces erreurs mensongères.
Que me reste-il ?—le tombeau.

Voltaire has furnished an immense number of epigrams on almost every subject, and of every degree of merit. It is as difficult to know where to begin as how to leave off in selecting from him. This delicate compliment is to Madame Lullin, with a nosegay, on the day she completed her hundredth year :—

Nos grands pères vous virent belle.
Par votre esprit vous plairez à cent ans :
Vous méritez d'épouser Fontenelle*,
Et d'être sa veuve long-tems.

* Fontenelle lived to the age of 100.

This, on a statue of Niobe, is an imitation from the Greek :—

Le fatal courroux des Dieux
Changea cette femme en pierre.
Le sculpteur a fait bien mieux,
Il a fait tout le contraire.

This is likewise an imitation, on the statue of Venus by Praxiteles :—

Oui—je me montrai toute nue
Au Dieu Mars, au bel Adonis ;
A Vulcain même—et j'en rougis—
Mais, Praxitèle, où m'a-t-il vue ?*

He has imitated Ausonius, who had imitated some Greek epigrammatist, in the following :—Lais offering her mirror to Venus.—

Je le donne à Venus, puisqu'elle est toujours belle ;
Il redouble trop mes ennuis ;
Je ne saurois me voir dans ce miroir fidelle
Ni telle que j'étais, ni telle que je suis.

But to the wit of Voltaire there is no end, and we must consult the patience of our readers, by putting an end to our quotations.

There is but little space left to speak of our own language. In the serious and tender style of epigram we have no one author who has written much, though we have many who have written well. From that cluster of poetical names which adorned the age of Elizabeth, many beautiful specimens of feeling and fancy might be selected. But conceit, quibble, and *euphuism* were the weeds which grew up in that fertile soil, and deformed the harvest. Waller, when he escapes from the faults of his predecessors, is elegant and happy ; and sometimes, though very rarely, Cowley. Our epitaphs are confessedly of a very low character ; occasionally we meet with one that is readable, when genius takes it in hand, as that of Ben Jonson on the Countess of Pembroke, and a few others. Pope's are notoriously bad, from their vagueness and inappropriateness. We have stately monuments, with cold and stiff inscriptions in foreign languages ; yet how scanty a number of simple testimonies, of spontaneous outpourings of sadness and affection, can any one remember in the vast extent of our literature ! In the witty and satirical epigram, it may be doubted whether any language is more abundantly enriched. This, on Cibber's obtaining the Laureateship, is bitterly contemptuous :—

In merry old England it once was a rule,
The king had his poet and also his fool :
But now we 're so frugal, I 'd have you to know it,
That Cibber can serve both for fool and for poet.

There is another of Pope on Dennis, which is dreadfully severe :—

Should Dennis publish you had stabbed your brother,
Lampoon'd your monarch, or debauch'd your mother ;
Say, what revenge on Dennis can be had ?
Too dull for laughter, for reply too mad :
On one so poor you cannot take the law ;
On one so old you scorn your sword to draw ;
Uncaged then let the harmless monster rage,
Secure in dullness, madness, want, and age.

But Pope's poetry is a string of epigrams.

* She forgets Anchises, and Paris, and a long list besides, or the scandalous chronicle has defamed her goddess-ship.

Prior has written a considerable number. The manner of his times, and the whole cast of our literature, had acquired a French tone of light, superficial and sportive smartness, into which the disposition of Prior easily fell, and in which he sustained his full share of distinction. The corrupted taste and profligate habits of Charles the Second's reign had been sufficiently amended by the Revolution to impart a little sobriety to the productions of genius, without abating the passion for point, and wit, and affectation. The humour of Prior is arch and racy; and in light epigrammatic effusions there is an ease, vivacity, and *piquancy* of expression, which pleases in the midst of occasional indelicacy.

The great facility which this mode of writing, from its brevity, afforded to satire, and the ease with which it might be written and remembered, have been the principal reasons why the modern epigram, strictly speaking, has been appropriated to witty severity. Every one at some period of his life feels the inclination and the ability to vent his anger or his contempt against an antagonist, and gladly avails himself of the happy medium of an epigram. We are always diverted with the exposure and ridicule of another, not merely from the cleverness with which it may be done, but also from a confused feeling of self-congratulation at having escaped the lash ourselves. Still, the epigram is commonly looked upon as the domain of small wits only. The masters of the song fly at higher game. They must achieve a tragedy or an epic; they are for "Ercles' vein," and cannot "roar gently." Some of our living poets, however, have sported in this field with very great success; and we hope it is no unbecoming wish that we may see through their instrumentality, the epigram restored to its ancient honours.

N.

WIGS.

WHILE Captain Parry is having a *tete-a-tete* with the North Pole, I have taken advantage of his absence to say a few words concerning the polar regions:—not the regions of cold, congelation, and candle-light, but of those illustrious envelopes of the mental faculties, vulgarly called wigs. The silken frame-work on which the superstructure of a wig is raised, I can almost believe to be the netting of Lachesis herself, so intimately is it connected with the destinies of its wearer. But the days of its glory are gone by: in the pictures of Addison, Garth, and other great men of that æra, the rich profusion of clustering locks, that do not "stream like a meteor to the troubled air," but rather hang like a milky-way round their shoulders, prove that the Augustan age of genius was also the Augustan age of wigs. I do not mean to infer that the latter was the cause of the former; but of this I am certain, that wigs have more influence on the fate of men than is generally supposed. Mr. Whitfield thought that nothing contributed more to the conversion of sinners; and as Samson lost his strength with his hair, so I have no doubt it was by means of a wig that he regained it.

The once fashionable expression, too, of "dash my wig," is no small proof of its importance: which oath, if it may be so called, does not of course come within the prohibition, "thou shalt not swear by the head; for thou canst not make one hair white or black." To make it white I fancy has not been a very desirable object since powder has been

out of fashion—among young men, at least, for I can still say in the words of Ovid—

“Pulvere canitiem genitor
Fœdat.”

But there is one Mr. Prince, who has very impiously discovered means to turn the hair not only black, but any colour into which a sun-beam can be dissected, combined, or recombined. The misfortune is, that it is uncertain what hue it will take until the experiment has been tried; but they who “set their crown upon a cast,” must “stand the hazard of the die.” What an awful suspense while the metamorphosis is going on! But how much more awful must have been the discovery I hear a lady made the other day, who, after the application of this specific, found her locks converted to a bright lilac—“A bright lilac!” exclaims my fair reader, “why that is ten times worse than bright red:” much worse, I grant; and for my part, I cannot account for the universal antipathy that has been shewn towards red hair in every age of the world. Herodotus tells us, that the Africans put to death all red-haired people. Terence reckons it, together with cat’s eyes and a parrotty nose, as an insurmountable objection to a proposed bride; and a friend of mine declares, that he was flogged at Rugby for no other crime than having red hair.

But to return to my subject: it is no small gratification to see the judicial wig still legitimately upheld in its “pride of place.” How, indeed, could a judge summon gravity sufficient to check the insolence of a hardened culprit, or overcome the taciturnity of a contumacious witness, without those awful badges of authority—those hirsute cataracts “whose headlong streams hang list’ning in their fall,” and in whose curling waves lurk preambles, precedents, and perorations; cases, commentaries, and convictions; and all the animalculæ distinctions and divisions that only a lawyer’s microscopic eye can discover? The argumentative, or pleader’s wig, with its dangling curls, like so many codicils to a will, is seldom made as persuasive as it might be, from the carelessness of the wearer, who often shews a fringe of his own hair beneath—a neglect altogether unpardonable, when we consider that the wig on a lawyer’s head is the refracting medium, in passing and re-passing through which it was intended that all the sinuosities of the law should be made straight; and if it be put carelessly on, the natural and too frequent consequence is, that they come out ten times more twisted than before. For my part, whenever I am led into the neighbourhood of Lincoln’s Inn, I always avoid jogging the arm of the servant whom I chance to meet carrying a square deal box by a brass handle, well knowing how much depends on the article it contains; and I can easily imagine the consternation of a late noble chief justice, who, on one of his circuits, when he arrived at the first place where his wig was in requisition, discovered that he had thrown it out of the carriage window on the road in a bandbox, mistaking it for a parcel of feminine paraphernalia.

In the library of St. John’s college, Oxford, there is a picture of King Charles, the wig of which is formed entirely from the Psalms, written in a legible hand, which I suppose some loyal subject transcribed in his zeal for his master as Defender of the faith. I mention this for the sake of the hint that may be taken from it to promote the study of the law; and I would recommend that the picture of some renowned judge, with the Statutes at large written in his wig, should be hung up

in Westminster Hall for the benefit of those briefless Peripatetics, whose forensic talents are still wrapt up in a napkin. Leaving these sanctuaries of the law, what a variety presents itself to the eye of the philoplocamist!—First, the hypocritical, or imitative periwig, that “redolent of joy and youth,” supplies the place of Nature’s pepper-and-salt locks on the head of the quinquagenarian bachelor, who still delights “to court the fair and glitter with the gay,” among whom it passes for a while as freehold property, till the unbroken repose of every curl, like the steady colour on a beauty’s cheek, betrays at last that it is merely copyhold.—Then comes the “*vix ea nostra voco*,” or whity-brown flaxen wig, that does not aspire to rivalry with Nature, nor yet altogether scorn the neatness of art, but hovering doubtfully between the two, presents much the same likeness to a head of hair, that the block on which it was made does to the head it was made for. Neatest of all is the philharmonic, or musician’s jasy, that rises a scratch natural from the forehead, and terminates behind in a chorus of curls set in octaves, on and off of which the hat is most carefully moved for fear of creating discord, while a dislocated curl or a rebellious hair is adjusted with as much care as I suppose Cæsar displayed in the adjustment of his own locks in the Senate-House, which freed Cicero from half his fears for the ambitious spirit of the man, though to me it would have been a proof that some affair of importance was revolving in his head. Last, but not least, is the theological wig, whose unctuous conglomeration of hair, powder, and pomatum, round the occiput of the reverend wearer, seems calculated by the force of gravity to turn his views towards heaven, while of a summer’s day the superfluity of fat, like the oil of Aaron’s beard, “runs down even unto the skirts of his clothing.”

As a man is always delighted when he meets with any thing that tends to support an hypothesis of his own, I was somewhat pleased with what occurred to me a short time back. Having stepped into the shop of “an operator in the shaving line,” after he had described the state of the weather for the last week, and settled that of the week to come; decided the war between the Turks and Greeks; stepped across the Hellespont and given Asia Minor to the Persians; walked with the Emperor Alexander to the East Indies; touched at Buenos Ayres on his return, and made a few changes in the Administration at home—when, I say, he had thus travelled round the world, while his razor was travelling over one half of my chin, during the time that he was engaged about the other half he entertained me with a dissertation on the criminal code; and upon closer inspection I found that he had covered a natural baldness with a counsel’s old wig, from which, to make it more becoming, he had cut away the pendent curls with which they are usually decorated; and this was, no doubt, the cause of the disapprobation he expressed at so much hanging. At another time, when he had exchanged his legal for a clerical wig, he told me he was sorry to hear that by a late act a bishop could send a curate packing without warning or wages. I tried to convince him that curates had been gainers by that act; but to no purpose—he had a curate’s wig and not a rector’s.

In the course of these observations I have said nothing concerning the wigs of ladies, because as their only object can be the imitation of Nature, it would be a capital offence against the laws of politeness to

hint that their hair owes any thing to art, except the style of wearing it, which I certainly consider very tasty at present, and have often been caught by the two little curls that come twisting out from under the back of the bonnet, to hook the attention of gazers like myself, and give Parthian wounds as they fly. For my part, I am very well content to follow two curls and a pretty shape without splashing into the mud, perhaps, to be disappointed in the face, as I used to do when there were no curls behind: and now, a lady who does not choose to countenance an admirer, by dextrous movements may give him the slip, with the character of a "dem fin girl," only from the prepossessing effects of these two curls. There is, however, a kind of semi-wig, commonly called a front, which is in great vogue under a bonnet or cap:—to any of my sex who may be smitten with a head of hair under such mysterious circumstances, I can only recommend the old adage—"Fronti nulla fides."

M. R. Y.

 LOVE AND FOLLY.

AmoNG th' Olympian Chronicles I find—
 No matter where I read them—it is stated
 That Love was not, as we suppose, born blind;
 He lost his eyes, so the account is dated,
 Soon after man and Folly were created;
 This story, quite an antiquarian treasure,
 I shall set down, not as 'tis there related,
 But tagg'd with rhyme, and here I feel great pleasure
 While spoiling a good stanza in a slipshod measure.

Love who had often thought it pretty sport
 To play with Folly half an hour or so,
 Was lured by her at last to Plutus' court,
 A place which Love, at that time, did not know;
 And there was offer'd a fine golden bow,
 And golden shafts, and peacock-feather'd wings,
 And money-bags that glitter'd in a row,
 Besides a thousand other hateful things,
 Old parchments, rent-rolls, law-suits, jewels, chains, and rings.

Love laugh'd at all he saw; Folly look'd grave,
 And preach'd about the wondrous riches there:
 "Ha! ha!" says Love, "and are you Plutus' slave?—
 I'm sorry,—for I liked you as you were,—
 A hearty wench, buxom and debonair;
 Farewell! I'm neither to be bought nor sold;—
 Bless me! I feel a dampness in the air,—
 A palace is a dungeon I am told,
 And, faith! I half believe it, for I'm very cold.

"I'm off!" But Folly seized him by the head,
 Threw gold-dust in his eyes, and quench'd their sight,
 Alas! for ever! "Now, now," Folly said,
 "We have him to ourselves,—here, day and night,
 He shall do penance for our best delight!"
 Stark nonsense! but what else could Folly say?
 Meanwhile the poor blind boy, to left and right,
 Sobbing and sighing, tried to grope his way,
 But could not from that prison flee, ah! well-a-day!

Darkling he blunder'd, sad and sore distress'd,
 And wander'd drearily from hall to hall;
 Sometimes he tumbled in an iron chest,
 And was lock'd up, or got a painful fall

Over some cash accounts, or, worse than all,
Whenever his escape by flight he tried,
He bruised his wings against the hard stone wall ;
Till, wearied out, he sat him down and sigh'd
So heavily, it seem'd as if he must have died.

Heart-sick he pined and dwindled to a shade ;
Folly too grieved, but Plutus' sons were glad
At his gaunt plight, because he might be weigh'd
Against the very smallest coin they had,
And be found wanting ; this done, they forbad
His living any more at their expense,
And turn'd him out of doors, calling the lad
A vile impostor upon common sense,
With many ribald words which gave him great offence.

Poor Love was very ill, and his physicians,
Pleasure and Youth, day after day attended,
Night after night, with hourly repetitions
Of kissing draughts with ladies' fingers blended,
Sweatmeats, and heart's ease,—lord ! how fast he mended !
And then they warm'd him to his heart's content
With Cyprus' wine, and lo ! his sickness ended :
So Love revived, and now on vengeance bent,
He call'd aloud on Jove for Folly's punishment.

"Revenge !" he cried, "revenge me upon Folly !
Behold me, Jove, she has put out my eyes,
My happy eyes, now dark and melancholy !"
Jove listen'd to his little grandson's cries,
And cited the delinquent to the skies ;
At first this heavenly summons made her wonder,—
Then she felt certain she was found too wise
To live on earth,—but, when she saw her blunder,
She trembled like a leaf, being much afraid of thunder.

Her fears, as usual, vanish'd presently ;
Then, looking round her with a saucy face,
She asked if such a goodly company
Could find it worth their wisdom to disgrace
A girl like her, whose fault, in the first place,
Was but a slight one, and withal committed
Purely to serve her own dear human race :
"I grant," said she, "the boy is to be pitied,
Yet as he should be blind I ought to be acquitted.

"Think what a blessing it will be to man,
And woman too, made up of imperfection,
That Love no more can closely spy and scan
A blemish on the mind or the complexion ;
Besides, as he must make a blind selection,
Pairing them off to fill his motley train
Just as his arrows take their chance direction,
How many a squinting nymph and loutish swain
May ogle and be spruce, nor find their frolics vain.

"Again, I'd have you know that Jove and all
The gods may be beholden—" "Hush !" says Jove,
"This argument grows somewhat personal ;
Already hast thou said enough to prove
Thy guilt ; in justice, therefore, to young Love
A grievous penalty shalt thou abide ;
And as 'tis fit the little god should rove
Fearless throughout the world, thus we decide,—
Love shall for evermore have Folly for his guide."

WE cannot think it a good augury that we are so soon again called upon to notice a new volume, from the pen of the Oxford professor of poetry. Unluckily for both Mr. Milman and his readers, his works are not of such a kind that they may be allowed to gall each other's kibe with impunity, as those of the northern novelist do; and it is to be feared this frequent recurrence of them may tend to persuade us that, if they cannot be read without pleasure, there is a vague sense of duty performed mixed up with that pleasure, which, in cases of this kind, however it may add to its value in our sober judgment, does not increase its poignancy. The truth is, when we have finished the perusal of one of Mr. Milman's long dramatic poems, and assured ourselves that it is a good and meritorious work, we lay it down with the full conviction that its author is a person of cultivated talents and an elegant taste, and confidently hope that we shall, *at some future period*, be called upon to listen to him again. But when, contrary to the tacit bargain we have unconsciously made with ourselves, we find that "future in the instant," the case seems altered; and, after diligently perusing the new work, as in duty bound, we are inclined to look a little more closely into the nature of the pleasure we have derived from it, and to inquire whether it has not been *chiefly* made up of that kind of satisfaction which usually attends the consciousness of having well and duly performed an appointed task. Speaking thus much in the name of the public, and without pushing this inquiry farther at present, we may state, in illustration of our own feelings in regard to this and the previous works of Mr. Milman, that it was with a disposition to make this inquiry we took up the volume before us, and that this disposition was not changed on laying it down.

In fact, neither the subjects, the matter, nor the style of Mr. Milman's late works render it prudent in him to force them too frequently on public attention. However valuable may be the class to which his poems belong, the individuals of that class, in order to be tolerated, must be more than tolerable; and to be admired they must be admirable indeed: and even in the latter case, their rarity must form a part of their value, if they would hope to retain the estimation they merit. The feelings and imaginations of all classes of readers, learned or unlearned, gentle or simple, young or old, have necessarily formed for themselves such a chain of associations connected with Scripture stories, characters, and events, that to disturb those associations at all is dangerous, and to do so too frequently and pertinaciously is almost certainly fatal to the pretensions of those who venture it.

That it may be judged how far these remarks are applicable to the work before us, we will state generally that it is as inferior to the preceding one from the same pen (*The Martyr of Antioch*), as that was to *The Fall of Jerusalem*, and that its comparative and relative defects are of exactly the same kind as belong to those works. It has their cold pomp and overstrained dignity of style, and their loose and unmusical versification, added to a meagerness of interest and incident, and a feebleness in the delineation of character, which *they* did not altogether

* *Belshazzar*: a Dramatic Poem. By the Rev. H. H. Milman, Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford.

possess; and, unlike those works, it has little richness of detail or eloquence of language, and still less refinement or finish of detached parts. Upon the whole, if it is a work that deserves and will receive respect and attention, these will be accorded to it more from the nature of its subject, and the name and character of its author, than from any either positive or even comparative merit of its own.

The plot of this poem comprizes simply the last day of Belshazzar's life, including his impious feast, the taking of his city by the Medes and Persians, and his consequent dethronement and death. With these events are connected, by way of episode, the loves of the two Jewish captives, Adonijah and Benina. We shall not be very copious in our extracts, either from the exceptionable or the meritorious parts of this performance, because we do not think that in the one case we should contribute much to the edification, or in the other to the amusement, of the reader; for Mr. Milman's faults are, generally speaking, not glaring enough to serve as warning examples; and his good qualities are better to be appreciated and relished in connexion with each other, than when considered alone. Two or three examples of these latter, however, we will give, and those the best we can find, in order to shew that the poem is inferior to the one noticed in our number for April. But that these examples may have a fair chance of being justly appreciated, we will precede them by one or two of a different kind, in which it appears to us that Mr. Milman has exhibited more than his usual carelessness and haste. In the way of versification nothing can be much worse than the following passage, with which the poem opens. It is to the last degree heavy, inelegant, and monotonous.

The City of Babylon.—Morning.

THE DESTROYING ANGEL.

Within the cloud-pavilion of my rest,
Amid the Thrones and Princedoms, that await
Their hour of ministration to the Lord,
I heard the summons, and I stood with wings
Outspread for flight, before the Eternal Throne.
And, from the unapproached depth of light
Wherein the Almighty Father of the worlds
Dwells from seraphic sight, by glory veil'd,
Came forth the soundless mandate, which I felt
Within, and sprung upon my obedient plumes.
But as I sail'd my long and trackless voyage
Down the deep bosom of unbounded space,
The manifest bearer of Almighty wrath,
I saw the Angel of each separate star
Folding his wings in terror, o'er his orb
Of golden fire; and shuddering till I pass'd
To pour elsewhere Jehovah's cup of vengeance."

By the way, it may be here remarked that this destroying angel is an interpolation, as uncalled for as it is inefficient. It adds nothing to the interest and progress of the events, and indeed takes no part in them; unless we are to receive it as the agency which produces the writing on the wall. And if we are to regard it in this light, it takes from, instead of adding to, the mysterious awfulness of that event.

Surely the following speeches of Belshazzar are neither poetical nor characteristic :

— "oh! thou
Lord of the hundred thrones, high Nabonassar

And thou my father, Merodach ! ye crown'd
 This City with her diadem of towers—
 Wherefore ?—but prescient of Belshazzar's birth,
 And conscious of your destined son, ye toil'd
 To rear a meet abode. Oh, Babylon !
 Thou hast him now, for whom through ages rose
 Thy sky-exalted towers—for whom yon palace
 Rear'd its bright domes, and groves of golden spires ;
 In whom, secure of immortality
 Thou stand'st, and consecrate from time and ruin,
 Because thou hast been the dwelling of Belshazzar !

Again :

Oh ye, assembled Babylon ! fair youths
 And hoary Elders, Warriors, Counsellors,
 And bright-eyed Women, down my festal board
 Reclining ! oh ye thousand living men,
 Do ye not hold your charter'd breath from me ?
 And I can plunge your souls in wine and joy ;
 Or by a word, a look, dismiss you all
 To darkness and to shame : yet, are ye not
 Proud of the slavery that thus enthral's you ?
 What king, what ruler over subject man
 Or was, or is, or shall be like Belshazzar ?
 I summon from their graves the sceptred dead
 Of elder days, to see their shame. I cry
 Unto the cloudy Past, unfold the thrones
 That glorified the younger world : I call
 To the dim Future—lift thy veil and show
 The destined lords of humankind : they rise,
 They bow their veil'd heads to the dust, and own
 The throne whereon Chaldea's Monarch sits,
 The height and pinnacle of human glory."

To put such merely impudent boastings as these into the mouth of a mighty king, is not the way to create an interest in us either towards his life or his death. He should have been invested with at least a semblance of dignity of character ; or if it was thought that this could not be done consistently with divine history, he should not have been chosen as a poetical hero at all : for the rise or the fall of such men as Belshazzar is here represented, are matters of equal indifference to us, in a poetical point of view. As a matter of mere history, it may be an impressive fact to know, that a human being was precipitated in a moment from such a height of external greatness. But when we know this as a matter of history, we can be made to feel little additional interest in it as a matter of poetical contemplation, unless the subject of it be represented to us as something essentially different from the rest of his species. Mere place and station will never make a poetical hero, any more than they can detract from one. We willingly contrast these passages with others of a different description. The following is, perhaps, the most poetical passage in the work, and certainly the versification of it, though far from perfect, is better than the author usually produces. The extract is a kind of prophetic anticipation of the fate that awaits Belshazzar ; but it is put into the mouth, not very appropriately, of Benina, the Jewish maiden.

" Go on, in awe
 And splendour, radiant as the morning star,
 But as the morning star to be cast down

Into the deep of deeps. Long, long the Lord
 Hath bid his Prophets cry to all the world,
 That Babylon shall cease ! Their words of fire
 Flash round my soul, and lighten up the depths
 Of dim futurity ! I hear the voice
 Of the expecting grave !—I hear abroad
 The exultation of unfetter'd earth !—
 From East to West they lift their trampled necks,
 Th' indignant nations : earth breaks out in scorn ;
 The valleys dance and sing ; the mountains shake
 Their cedar-crowned tops ! The strangers crowd
 'To gaze upon the howling wilderness,
 Where stood the Queen of Nations. Lo ! even now,
 Lazy Euphrates rolls his sullen waves
 Through wastes, and but reflects his own thick reeds.
 I hear the bitterns shriek, the dragons cry ;
 I see the shadow of the midnight owl
 Gliding where now are laughter-echoing palaces !
 O'er the vast plain I see the mighty tombs
 Of kings, in sad and broken whiteness gleam
 Beneath the o'ergrown cypress—but no tomb
 Bears record, Babylon, of thy last lord ;
 Even monuments are silent of Belshazzar !”

The following is an animated and picturesque description of the illuminated city on the night of Belshazzar's feast :—

“ But lo ! what blaze of light beneath me spreads
 O'er the wide city. Like yon galaxy
 Above mine head, each long and spacious street
 Becomes a line of silver light, the trees
 In all their silent avenues break out
 In flowers of fire. But chief around the Palace
 Whitens the glowing splendour ; every court
 That lay in misty dimness indistinct,
 Is traced by pillars and high architraves
 Of crystal lamps that tremble in the wind :
 Each portal arch gleams like an earthly rainbow,
 And o'er the front spreads one entablature
 Of living gems of every hue, so bright
 That the pale Moon, in virgin modesty,
 Retreating from the dazzling and the tumult,
 Afar upon the distant plain reposes
 Her unambitious beams, or on the bosom
 Of the blue river, ere it reach the walls.”

Our next extract is a description of the prophet Daniel, on the appearance of those portents which indicate the downfall of the devoted city.

“ Till but lately he was girt
 With sackcloth, with the meagre hue of fasting
 On his sunk cheek, and ashes on his head ;
 When, lo ! at once he shook from his gray locks
 The attire of woe, and call'd for wine ; and since
 He hath gone stately through the wondering streets
 With a sad scorn. Amid the heaven-piercing towers,
 Through cool luxurious court, and in the shade
 Of summer trees that play o'er crystal fountains,
 He walks, as though he trod o'er moss-grown ruins,
 'Mid the deep desolation of a city
 Already by the Almighty wrath laid waste.

And sometimes doth he gaze upon the clouds,
 As though he recognized the viewless forms
 Of arm'd destroyers in the silent skies.
 And it is said, that at the dead of night
 He hath pour'd forth thy burden, Babylon,
 And loud proclaim'd the bowing down of Bel,
 The spoiling of the spoiler. Even our lords,
 As conscious of God's glory gathering round him,
 Look on him with a silent awe, nor dare
 To check his motion, or reprove his speech."

The following is pleasing and poetical:—

"The snowy light falls where she treads,
 As 'twere a sacred place! in her loose locks
 It wanders, even as with a sense of pleasure!
 And trembles on her bosom, that hath caught
 Its gentle restlessness, and trembles, too,
 Harmonious."

The last extract we shall give is from the scene which precedes the death of Belshazzar:

The Streets of Babylon in Flames.

BELSHAZZAR.

"I cannot fight nor fly: where'er I move,
 On shadowy battlement, or cloud of smoke,
 That dark unbodied hand waves to and fro,
 And marshals me the way to death—to death
 That still eludes me. Every blazing wall
 Breaks out in those red characters of fate;
 And when I raised my sword to war, methought
 That dark-stoled Prophet stood between, and seem'd
 Rebuking Heaven for its slow consummation
 Of his dire words.

I am alone: my slaves
 Fled at the first wild outcry; and my women
 Closed all their doors against me—for they knew me
 Mark'd with the seal of destiny: no hand,
 Though I have sued for water, holds a cup
 To my parch'd lips; no voice, as I pass on,
 Hath bless'd me; from the very festal garments,
 That glitter'd in my halls, they shake the dust:
 Ev'n the priests spurn'd me, as abhorr'd of Heaven."

The foregoing extracts are doubtless not without merit; but when we say that they are the best we are able to select from the present work, it must be obvious to those who are acquainted with the previous productions of Mr. Milman, that there has been a great falling off in this. We are sincerely sorry that such should be the case, and earnestly advise Mr. Milman to look about him, if he would continue to deserve and retain that reputation which he at present possesses.

In conclusion, we cannot avoid noticing the following passage in the preface to this work:—"May I presume to hope that this, as well as the preceding works of the same nature, may tend to the advancement of those interests, in subservience to which alone our time and talents can be worthily employed—those of piety and religion?" Surely this is altogether a gratuitous passage, at best—not to say an impertinent one. Mr. Milman *may* "presume to hope" thus, if he

pleases; and there may be good ground for his hope : but to put forth that hope to the public, for no other reason than to make it an occasion of tacitly reproaching the pursuits and performances of every body but himself, and the particular class of persons to which he belongs, is what he may *not* “presume” to do—at least, without being told of it.

A. O.

THE CONFESSIONAL.

NO. III.—LOVE.

“ I have done penance for contemning love ;
 Whose high imperious thoughts have punish'd me
 With bitter fasts, and penitential groans,
 With nightly tears, and daily heart-sore sighs :
 For in revenge of my contempt of love,
 Love hath chased sleep from my enthralled eyes,
 And made them watchers of my own hearts sorrow.”

Old Play.

THEY say that “marriages are made in heaven.” I don’t know,—but I think it not improbable, since many of those seemingly accidental encounters which should naturally *lead* to marriage, take place in that road which is declared by its frequenters to be the only one leading to heaven ; and which road lies directly through a Methodist meeting-house. Let no one go about to persuade me that a place of this description is necessarily barren of poetical associations, even to those who are not absolutely satisfied as to the truth of the peculiar doctrines promulgated in it ; and that even the anathemas of eternal damnation which are thundered forth there from time to time, from the stentorian lungs of an enthusiastic devotee, may not be made to fall upon the ear or the memory with a sound “most musical,” howbeit “most melancholy.” In fact, there is an unseemly erection of the above kind, standing a little to the south of this metropolis, which is to me more redolent of the air of love than is the grotto of Egeria or the rocks of Meillerie ; and the voice of its chief priest, though to other believing as well as unbelieving ears apt to “grate harsh discords,” is to me “as musical as is Apollo’s lute :”—for it was within those walls, and under the sound of that voice, I used to sit for two hours together, twice every Sunday during the space of four long years, secretly sighing away my soul, and fancying that I could actually see it, in the form of a pale lambent flame, borne along on the breath of my mouth, till it reached the shrine to which it was directed, where it became absorbed by the lips and interfused in the eyes that seemed to be unconsciously waiting and watching for it ; or, when *they* were absent, seemed to hover restlessly over the spot where it was accustomed to find them, as if unwilling to remain there, and yet unable to return.

It would afford curious matter for speculation, to trace out the various causes which contribute to the production of those *final* opinions that we adopt on any given subject. It has been my lot to associate a good deal with persons who hold in particular aversion the religious sect of which I have just had occasion to speak, and who lose no opportunity of calling in question even the general sincerity of their opinions—to say nothing of the pernicious nature and tendency of those opinions. But it so happens that these persons have never been able

to make any impression upon me in either of these particulars. I do not very well know in what consists the peculiar nature of the doctrines taught by the sect in question, though I "sat under" one of its most distinguished teachers for four years ; and I never had occasion to know of any *facts* which should induce me to prefer those doctrines on account of their outward and visible effects : consequently, I never attempt to *argue* against the validity of the opinions broached by my friends and associates on this subject. But of this I am certain, that the moment I find "leisure to be good"—the moment I have time to turn my thoughts wholly from the things of this world to those of another—it is among this vituperated sect that I shall first apply to be received ; the moment my spirit becomes too stubborn and rebellious to be controlled by *me*, or too blind and feeble to guard and guide *itself*, (and now that love has ceased to be the cherished inhabitant of its temple—"the burthen of the mystery" of its thoughts—I every day feel this time approaching nearer and nearer)—I shall confidently surrender it into the hands of those under whose immediate influence its sweetest and richest energies were called forth, and the faint images and shadows of which *are* called forth to this day : for, as the war-horse is, in his youth, fed to the sound of martial music, and therefore whenever he hears it, even in old age, he feels the burning ashes of memory kindle those of hope within him,—so I never pass by the Rev. R—H—'s chapel, and hear his sonorous voice shouting within, but it stirs my heart and soul "like the sound of a trumpet ;"—for *there*, to the sound of that voice, were they for four long years "fed with food convenient for them."

Perhaps there never was a mere mortal lover so easily satisfied as I have always been ; and this has been my bane. I never knew (till now that it is too late) what is due to Love, and that he will not be content with less than his due. Shakspeare, who explains every thing that ever was or ever will be, has hit upon my case to a tittle,—not only in the instance which is my immediate subject, but in all the similar ones in which I have been engaged. In a lovely little copy of verses, on a certain kind of Love, in which he speaks of it under the title of Fancy,—a favourite name for it among the old poets—he says

"It is engender'd in the eyes,
By gazing fed ;
And Fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies."

This, though far from being true generally, has ever been entirely so with regard to me ; and never so strikingly and consistently as in the present instance. In short, I have never permitted my love to arrive at years of discretion ; or at least to put on the *appearance* of having arrived at them. I have stunted its growth, as the ladies do that of their pet lap-dogs ; and by similar means, namely, by feeding it on "ardent spirits," instead of wholesome animal food : for love is unquestionably of a carnivorous nature. I have woven it into a glittering gossamer robe, pretty enough to look at, as it floats gracefully about in the unfelt summer air, but little adapted to stand the wear and tear, and keep out the wintry winds of human life.

(If, as I fear, I am too apt to change my metaphors from time to

time, in what may seem to the reader a somewhat sudden, as well as arbitrary and gratuitous manner, he will, perhaps, be good-natured enough to feel that this is an instinctive effort of my imagination, to respite itself from the too bitter contemplation of bare realities. As I have set myself the task of looking fearlessly into the past, my thoughts must be permitted to indulge themselves in mingling with it under any form rather than the plain and tangible one. If I were not thus to temporise and tamper with the recollections of my feelings, but to let them come upon me "in their habit as they lived," I should not be able to endure even the sound of their approach. I am obliged to "shoe my troop of horse with felt;" and even with this precaution they sometimes seem as if they were come to "kill, kill, kill!"

I have said it has always been my practice to check the natural growth of my love; but in the instance before us I did not permit it even to creep out of its cradle. I was content to look upon it as it lay smiling there, as if I felt or feared that to touch it would be to dissolve it into air. And in truth *this* was what I always did fear; and on this fear I always acted; and in the present instance more decidedly than in any other. I knew that none but babies long to possess the moon or the stars; and that none but mad people think it practicable to put them in their pocket. Now I regarded the sweet little beaming H—— P—— as "a bright particular star;" and my boasted reason (which was gaining more and more influence over me every day) told me that I had no more right or pretension to touch or to possess her, than if she had been the denizen of another sphere. I had known and loved her for more than twelve months before I ever thought of inquiring who or what she was. I had, indeed, heard her little sister call her Harriet; and even this was more than enough for me. What had I to do with names? It was *SHE* that I loved; and I was sure that, like Juliet's rose, she would "smell as sweet" by any one name as by any other. Those who are particularly anxious to learn their unknown mistress's name, while they are secure of being able at certain times to look upon her, may be assured that she will not long remain their mistress, and that their love is not of the sort of which I am treating. It may be either worse or better; but it is not the same. They either desire to *possess* the object of their thoughts; and in that case she will inevitably cease to be their mistress;—or their love is a parasite plant which cannot support itself—which must have something to cling to, or it first grovels in the dirt, and then dies. Such was not mine. It was all-sufficient to itself. Accordingly, for more than twelve months I used to attend this Methodist meeting twice every Sunday regularly. During the service I used to gaze, without intermission, upon the lady of my love (for she scarcely ever missed coming), with my eyes half-closed, in a rich and quiet trance of delight; and when the meeting was over I used to walk behind her on the other side of the way, just near enough to keep her in sight, till she got home. Then I used to turn patiently round, and walk home myself; if it was in the morning, reckoning the minutes between then and half-past six o'clock in the evening, when I should see her again; and if it was in the evening, longing for the night to come, that I might lay my head underneath the clothes, and weep myself to sleep with thinking that I should not see her again till *next Sunday*. And this was the invariable routine for more than four

years! I do not think that I ever missed going to the Meeting twice every Sunday during that time; and I am certain that I never once laid my head upon my pillow without crying myself to sleep,—I knew not why, unless it was that it would be “so long” before I should see her again. I knew not why, *then*; but I know too well *now*. It was that I was all along treating my love as it was not made to be treated, and consequently as it will not bear to be treated. I was fancying it a star placed in the heavens above me, and was acting towards it accordingly; whereas, it was a flower, growing on the face of the earth like myself, and waiting to be plucked and placed in my bosom. I was fearful of touching it, lest a touch should kill it; and in the mean time it was dying of itself, for lack of the cherishing warmth that a touch might have communicated to it. I was regarding it as an immortal essence, and feeding it on ambrosia, while it was starving for want of the substantial “corn, wine, and oil,” which is, in fact, its natural and appointed food.

I cannot too often reiterate this truth upon the reader, because herein is included the sole end and intent of these Confessions—the only *moral* that is likely to be extracted from them. I repeat, then, that my grand mistake all through life has been wilfully to adopt a notion as to the nature, tendency, and utility of love, which turns out to have been directly opposed to the true one. I fancied I was acquainted with all the intricacies of this most intricate of all branches of knowledge, before I had learnt the simplest rule of its arithmetic, namely, that one and one, if properly added together, do not make *two*, but *ONE*.

I proceed to relate the remarkable circumstance which brought me acquainted with the name of my mistress; and the reader is to bear in mind that I relate it as a *fact*, the truth of which I solemnly avouch. I pretend not to account for it, but only to tell it. I have said that for twelve months I never inquired the name of that being in whom *my* being seemed to be involved. I used to dream of her almost every night; but I was never “a dreamer of strange dreams,” and had not thought it worth while to remember any of mine; for they were always eclipsed and turned into nothing by the vividness of my waking thoughts and imaginations. But one night I dreamt of her under very singular circumstances: and this is the only dream I have ever remembered, or thought worth the telling, though I never *have* told it till now;—and but for the very peculiar manner in which it is connected with my present story, I should have left it untold for ever, remarkable as it is; for I have always considered that to relate a dream is one of the most tedious impertinencies of which a man, or even a woman, can be guilty.

I dreamt that I had followed her home one Sunday evening, as usual, and that when she had gone in and the door was shut, I walked past the house, as I had frequently done at other times; but on this occasion, as I looked up at the door, which was at the top of three steps, I saw *a name* written upon it in large characters. When I awoke, this name was of course impressed on my memory; but at first I thought little or nothing of the circumstance—for I never had the slightest faith in dreams, omens, or the like. But presently I found that this name began to haunt me strangely, and in a way that I did not like; for it made me

feel that I was a little superstitious, while I prided myself on *knowing* that I was not so. I therefore determined to go and find out what her name really was, in order that I might not be pestered with this feeling, which I found to interfere with the quietness of my thoughts about her. Accordingly, a few nights after I had had this dream, I went to the street where she lived, to ascertain what I *now* wished to know. I was for some time at a loss how to set about my task; for I had a perfect horror of speaking to strangers, and still more of being the subject of remark and suspicion. After wandering about for some time, undecided what to do, I saw a boy coming from a neighbouring public-house with beer and a lantern. (The reader must not be displeased at these apparently insignificant details. He is to remember that I am now relating a *fact*, for the absolute and literal truth of which I pledge myself, and the sole interest of which depends on its *being* a fact;—my taste, therefore, as well as my conscience, protest against any thing like alteration or embellishment.) I determined to begin my inquiries with this boy, and to ask him, as a leading question, whether a Mr. so and so (naming any name that might come into my head) lived in that street. Accordingly, when he came up to me, without thinking of it a moment beforehand, I almost involuntarily mentioned the name I had dreamt of having seen on the door; but just as indifferently as I should have mentioned any other, if any other than this had happened to come into my head first. I asked him if he could tell me whether Mr. P——t lived in that street? meaning to follow up this question by another to ascertain who lived at a certain number. The reader may conceive my surprise, but he cannot conceive my feelings, when the boy replied “Yes, he lives at No. —,” mentioning that of her father’s house. My knees trembled under me, a cold dew stood on my forehead like rain, and I could scarcely stand or move. You might have knocked me down with a feather, as the phrase is. The boy added, “But I suppose you mean Mr. P——t,” pronouncing the name differently from what I had done, and indicating that I had mistaken one letter of it for another.—And thus, in fact, it actually turned out to be!!

I have related this story as it occurred, leaving the reader to make what he pleases or what he can of it. That it is literally true, I positively declare; but to account for it on either natural or supernatural grounds, is more than I pretend. It made a strong impression upon me at the time; but I soon came to think of it as a mere accidental coincidence. Since then, this latter has been the predominant inclination of my opinion on the point, but by no means the settled one; for whenever I am more than usually disposed to pamper and aggrandize my conception of the power of love, I am more than half tempted to regard the foregoing fact as a proof that that passion is capable of communicating a species of second-sight to the mind’s eye, which enables it to discover, not more than exists, but more than is present to the mere bodily senses.

With respect to the *mistake* which the dreaming senses seem to have made in their manner of transcribing the said name upon the tablet of my memory, it must be considered that the letters *u* and *a* are more easily mistaken for each other than almost any others in the alphabet; and that, in fact, half the similar errors (supposing this to have been

one) which so disfigure and falsify Shakspeare, are attributable to the carelessness of his transcribers ! I take leave of this singular incident by stating, for the benefit and satisfaction of those who may be disposed to regard it as something more than a mere accidental coincidence, that no previous associations could possibly have given rise to the circumstance, since I knew no one who was acquainted with the parties, and had never made a single previous inquiry on the subject.

Little more remains to be told relative to this second act in the sentimental drama of my youth. The history of any one week is the history of the whole term of four years. Every Sunday I used to gaze myself into a fever of passion, which it required the tears of every night in the succeeding week to temper and cool. But these always had the desired effect ; so that by the following Sunday I was sure to find myself ready to start afresh. To these regularly recurring intervals I attribute the long continuance of this singular intercourse. But for these it would doubtless have taken a very different turn, and come to a very different end. If I could have gazed my fill whenever I pleased, I should probably soon have had the sense to discover the error of my ways, and should speedily have brought matters to a close, one way or the other. But these perpetual alternations of heat and cold, wet and dry—this exact “balance of power” (I have hated the phrase ever since I found out the mischief it worked me, or rather the good it probably deprived me of, in this affair) kept me for ever swinging backwards and forwards, like a well-hung pendulum. I was a perfect eight-day clock, *wound up* regularly every Sunday, to go through the week till the Saturday night following. Probably if I had missed a single Sunday’s gazing, my love would have broken the spell on the one hand, by dying in its cradle for want of food ; and if, on the other hand, it could have had a single day’s *extra* gazing during any given week of the whole period, it might, perhaps, have gained strength to start up from its cradle, and assert its right ; for I cannot doubt that, long before the end of the four years, it must have been able to *speak* and *go alone*, if it had been stimulated to try. But while this constant equilibrium was kept up, things bade fair to go on in the same way for ever ; for, on my part, there was no reason whatever why they should either advance or retrograde. There was never a Sunday passed without our exchanging looks together ; and here, where our intercourse began, there (as before) it ended. I never seemed to think that I was entitled to expect more, or to feel that I wanted more ; and as I saw no prospect of my ever meeting with less, I was content, for want of knowing better, to go on as I was.

The nearest approach to a personal communication that ever took place between this lady and me, was once that in going out of the meeting I found myself near enough to her to touch the hem of her garment. But it did not make me whole ; on the contrary, I remember that it produced scarcely any particular effect on my feelings, either as they regarded her or myself. It is from the recollection of this fact I now judge that what I was loving, was, not a living creature, but the picture of one painted on the *retina* of my imagination by Memory,—an artist accomplished in all things, except, like Sir Joshua, in the forming and mixing her colours ; but *they* are so fugitive, that, in the case before us, I am convinced a single week passed without

retouching the picture, would have caused it to fade away into nothing; while on the other hand, a single extra sitting might perhaps have endued it with breath and motion, and caused it to step from its canvass into life, after the fashion of that in "My Grandmother." I now feel that, if this consummation had happened, all might still have been well; for it was not then too late. But *now*, if the best I can hope for is sometimes to dream that it *did* happen, at all events the worst I need fear is, to awake and find that it did not.

We have now done with these toys of youth. As "it is the eye of childhood fears a painted devil," so none but *that* can love a painted angel. Manhood cannot be content without either more, or less. We have now done with mere impulses and feelings, and shall henceforth have to do with actions and passions—with thoughts and imaginations—with hopes and fears. We have hitherto been floating on the calm surface of the stream, like the halcyon on its nest. We must now prepare to plunge, like Ladurlad, into the depths of the ocean of human life: and I may venture to do so as fearlessly as he did—for, like him, I am gifted with a protecting curse, which shields me from all injuries but such as itself inflicts. May I not hope, too, that as, like Ladurlad, I am not conscious of having done any thing to deserve this curse, it may one day or other leave me suddenly and of itself, as his did?—Nay, more,—when "the fire in his heart, and the fire in his brain" had passed away,

—————"Ladurlad sunk to rest.
Blessed that sleep! more blessed was the waking!
For on that night a heavenly morning broke,
The light of heaven was round him when he woke,
And in the Swerga, in Yedillian's bower,
All whom he loved he met, to part no more."

And may it not be so with me? I will at least *hope* that it may—for "we cannot help our hopes"—as Juliana prettily says of her "dreams." At all events, I have made one step towards the consummation of those hopes—for I have discovered the spot where exists all I have loved in others met in one. Whether I am to be blessed with the possession of this one, remains to be seen. All I can be sure of is, that, if my deserts are less than those of others who pretend to this possession, my wants are greater; all the foundation I see on which to build my hopes is the possibility that this sole well-spring of future good now left open to me, in determining through what channel it shall flow, and what happy land it shall fertilise, may

—————"not take heed
Of its own bounty, *but my need.*"

Z.

— — — — —

EPIGRAM, FROM THE ITALIAN OF PANANTI.

"S'hai difetti ti salra."

Is beauty to thine outward form denied?
Let Virtue's graceful veil its absence hide:
As Cæsar wreathed the laurel round his brow,
And hid the baldness of his head below.

G. M.

THE ELOQUENCE OF EYES.

———— Nor doth the eye itself,
That most pure spirit of sense, behold itself,
Not going from itself ; but eyes opposed
Salute each other with each others form——

SHAKESPEARE.

THE origin of language is a puzzling point, of which no satisfactory solution has yet been offered. Children could not originally have compounded it, for they would always want intelligence to construct any thing so complicated and difficult ; and as it is known that after a certain age the organs of speech, if they have not been called into play, lose their flexibility, it is contended that adults possessing the faculties to combine a new language would want the power to express it. Divine inspiration is the only clue that presents itself in this emergency ; and we are then driven upon the incredibility of supposing that celestial ears and organs could ever have been instrumental in originating the Low Dutch, in which language an assailant of Voltaire drew upon himself the memorable retort from the philosopher—" that he wished him more wit and fewer consonants." No one, however, seems to have contemplated the possibility that Nature never meant us to speak, any more than the Parrot to whom she has given similar powers of articulation ; or to have speculated upon the extent of the substitute she has provided, supposing that man had never discovered the process of representing appetites, feelings, and ideas by sound. Grief, joy, anger, and some of the simple passions, express themselves by similar intelligible exclamations in all countries ; these, therefore, may be considered as the whole primitive language of Nature ; but if she had left the rest of her vocabulary to be conveyed by human features and gestures, man, by addressing himself to the eyes instead of the ears, would have still possessed a medium of communication nearly as specific as speech, with the great advantage of its being silent as the telegraph. Talking with his features instead of his tongue, he would not only save all the time lost in unravelling the subtleties of the grammarians from Priscian to Lily and Lindley Murray, but he would instantly become a cosmopolitan, a citizen of the world, and might travel " from old Belerium to the northern main" without needing an interpreter.

We are not hastily to pronounce against the possibility of carrying this dumb eloquence to a certain point of perfection, for the experiment has never been fairly tried. We know that the exercise of cultivated reason and the arts of civilized life have eradicated many of our original instincts, and that the loss of any one sense invariably quickens the others ; and we may therefore conjecture that many of the primitive conversational powers of our face have perished from disuse, while we may be certain that those which still remain would be prodigiously concentrated and exalted, did they form the sole medium by which our mind could develope itself. But we have no means of illustrating this notion, for the wild boys and men who have from time to time been caught in the woods, have been always solitaries, who, wanting the stimulus of communion, have never exercised their faculties ; while the deaf and dumb born among ourselves, early instructed

to write and talk with their fingers, have never called forth their natural resources and instructive powers of expression.

Without going so far as the Frenchman who maintained that speech was given to us to conceal our thoughts, it is certain that we may, even now, convey them pretty accurately without the intervention of the tongue. To a certain extent every body talks with his own countenance, and puts faith in the indications of those which he encounters. The basis of physiognomy, that the face is the silent echo of the heart, is substantially true; and to confine ourselves to one feature—the eye—I would ask what language, what oratory can be more voluble and instinct with meaning than the telegraphic glances of the eye? So convinced are we of this property, that we familiarly talk of a man having an expressive, a speaking, an eloquent eye. I have always had a firm belief that the celestials have no other medium of conversation, but that, carrying on a colloquy of glances, they avoid all the wear and tear of lungs, and all the vulgarity of human vociferation. Nay, we frequently do this ourselves. By a silent interchange of looks, when listening to a third party, how completely may two people keep up a by-play of conversation, and express their mutual incredulity, anger, disgust, contempt, amazement, grief, or languor. Speech is a laggard and a sloth, but the eyes shoot out an electric fluid that condenses all the elements of sentiment and passion in one single emanation. Conceive what a boundless range of feeling is included between the two extremes of the look serene and the smooth brow, and the contracted frown with the glaring eye. What varieties of sentiment in the mere fluctuation of its lustre, from the fiery flash of indignation to the twinkle of laughter, the soft beaming of compassion, and the melting radiance of love. “*Oculi sunt in amore duces*,” says Propertius, and certainly he who has never known the tender passion knows not half the copiousness of the ocular language, for it is in those prophetic mirrors that every lover first traces the reflection of his own attachment, or reads the secret of his rejection, long before it is promulgated by the tardy tongue. It required very little imagination to fancy a thousand Cupids perpetually hovering about the eyes of beauty, a conceit which is accordingly found among the earliest creations of the Muse. ’Twas not the warrior’s dart, says Anacreon, that made my bosom bleed,—

No—from an eye of liquid blue
A host of quiver’d Cupids flew,
And now my heart all bleeding lies
Beneath this army of the eyes.

And we may take one specimen from innumerable others in the Greek Anthology.

Archer Love, though slyly creeping,
Well I know where thou dost lie;
I saw thee from the curtain peeping
That fringes Zenophalia’s eye.

The moderns have dallied with similar conceits till they have become so frivolous and threadbare as to be now pretty nearly abandoned to the inditers of Valentines, and the manufacturers of Vauxhall songs.

The old French author Bretonnayau, not content with lamenting,

like Milton, that so precious an organ as the eye should have been so limited and vulnerable, considers it, in his "Fabrique de l'œil," as a bodily sun possessing powers analogous to the solar orb, and treats it altogether as a sublime mystery and celestial symbol. A short extract may shew the profundity of his numerical and astronomical views :

" D'un—de trois—et de sept, à Dieu agréable,
Fut composé de l'œil la machine admirable.
Le nerf et le cristal, l'eau et le verre pers,
Sont les quatre elemens du minime univers;
Les sept guimples luisans qui son rondeau contournent,
Ce sont les sept errans, qui au grand monde tournent,
Car le blanc qui recouvre et raffermir nos yeux,
Nous figure Saturne entre ces petits creux, &c. &c."

And yet all this mysticism is scarcely more extravagant than the power of witchcraft or fascination which was supposed to reside in the eyes, and obtained implicit credence in the past ages. This infection, whether malignant or amorous, was generally supposed to be conveyed in a slanting regard, such as that "jealous leer malign" with which Satan contemplated the happiness of our first parents.

Non istic obliquo oculo mea commoda quisquam
Limat, non odio obscuro, morsuque venenat,

says Horace ; and Virgil makes the shepherd exclaim, in his third eclogue

"Nescio quis teneros oculus mihi fascinat agnos."

Basilisks, cockatrices, and certain serpents were fabled not only to have the power of bewitching the birds from the air, but of killing men with a look—a mode of destruction which is now limited to the exaggerations of those modern fabulists yclept poets and lovers.

Every difference of shape is found in this variform organ, from the majestic round orb of Homer's ox-eyed Juno, to that thin slit from which the vision of a Chinese lazily oozes forth ; but in this as in other instances, the happy medium is nearest to the line of beauty. If there be any deviation, it should be towards the full rotund eye, which although it be apt to convey an expression of staring *hauteur*, is still susceptible of great dignity and beauty, while the contrary tendency approximates continually towards the mean and the suspicious.

As there is no standard of beauty, there is no pronouncing decisively upon the question of colour. The ancient classical writers assigned to Minerva, and other of the deities, eyes of heaven's own azure as more appropriate and celestial. Among the early Italian writers the beauties were generally *blondes*, being probably considered the most estimable on account of their rarity ; and Tasso, describing the blue eyes of Armida, says with great elegance,

" Within her humid melting eyes
A brilliant ray of laughter lies,
Soft as the broken solar beam
That trembles in the azure stream."

Our own writer Collins, speaking of the Circassians, eulogises "Their eyes' blue languish, and their golden hair," with more beauty of language than fidelity as to fact ; but our poets in general give the palm to that which is least common among ourselves, and are accord-

ingly enraptured with brunettes and dark eyes. When Shakspeare bestowed green eyes upon the monster Jealousy, he was not probably aware that about the time of the Crusades there was a prodigious passion for orbs of this hue. Thiebault, king of Navarre, depicting a beautiful shepherdess in one of his songs, says,

“ La Pastore est bele et avenant
Elle a les eus vairs,”

which phrase, however, has been conjectured to mean hazle, an interpretation which will allow me to join issue with his majesty and approve his taste. But taste itself is so fluctuating, that we may live to see the red eye of the Albins immortalised in verse, or that species of plaid recorded by Dryden—

“ The balls of his broad eyes roll'd in his head,
And glared betwixt a yellow and a red.”

For my own part, I decidedly prefer the hue of that which is now bent upon the page, for I hold that an indulgent eye, like a good horse, cannot be of a bad colour.

My paper would be incomplete without a word or two upon eye-brows, which, it is to be observed, are peculiar to man, and were intended, according to the physiologists, to prevent particles of dust or perspiration from rolling into the eye. Nothing appears to me more impertinent than the fancied penetration of these human moles; who are for ever attributing imaginary intentions to inscrutable Nature; nor more shallow and pedlar-like than their resolving every thing into a use, as if they could not see in the gay colours and delicious perfumes, and mingled melodies lavished upon the earth, sufficient evidence that the beneficent Creator was not satisfied with mere utility, but combined with it a profusion of gratuitous beauty and delight. I dare say they would rather find a use for the coloured eyes of Argus in the peacock's tail, than admit that the human eye-brows could have been bestowed for mere ornament and expression. Yet they have been deemed the leading indices of various passions. Homer makes them the seat of majesty—Virgil of dejection—Horace of modesty—Juvenal of pride, and we ourselves consider them such intelligible exponents of scorn and haughtiness that we have adopted from them our word *supercilious*. In lively faces they have a language of their own, and can aptly represent all the sentiments and passions of the mind, even when they are purposely repressed in the eye. By the workings of the line just above a lady's eye-brows, much may be discovered that could never be read in the face; and by this means I am enabled to detect in the looks of my fair readers such a decided objection to any farther inquiry into their secret thoughts, that I deem it prudent to exclaim in the language of Oberon—“ Lady, I kiss thine eye, and so good night.”

H.

EPIGRAM, FROM THE ITALIAN OF PANANTI.

“ *Negri capelli e bianca barba.*”

His hair so black, and beard so grey,

'Tis strange,—But would you know the cause?

'Tis that his labours always lay

Less on the *brain* than on the *jaws*.

G. M.

THE public appears often an ungenerous, at all times a suspicious patron, warm as a child in the first burst of its enthusiasm, and still displaying its infantine temper in its capricious mode of treating old favourites. But after all, its ungraciousness is more in semblance than in reality—its stock of favour and compliment has been already exhausted—and, too sincere to keep a reserve of admiration, it feels itself quite unable to meet a renewed demand. Hence, if the early publications of an author have met with eminent success, his later ones are sure to meet with rebuffs *in seeming*. The reader cannot abandon himself to admiration exclusively: comparisons are forced on him; and if he have too much good nature to set about comparing the author with his brethren, he cannot avoid comparing him with himself—his present with his past productions. This is not likely to be in favour of the latter, since predilection for old favourites is only to be overcome by a very palpable degree of improvement.

If subsequent publications meet with such a reception from the mere reader, what must they expect from the critic? from him, who cannot utter his *dicta* in ejaculations and monosyllables, but must lay down his *pros* and *cons* at length in dreadful legibility. From him the twice-told tale of unqualified admiration will not be suffered—"he is nothing, if not critical," and the new qualities put forth by the authors in review, must be the burden of his strain. Unfortunately, however, as a writer proceeds, he develops more defects than beauties—the defects thicken upon us, as he grows more confident and careless—while the beauties get threadbare by degrees, and become trite and mawkish by being harped upon. Hence criticism often seems to indulge in ungenerous "after-thought," and to recall spitefully the meed of praise it formerly bestowed, while, in truth, it is but censorious from necessity, and "severe from too much love."

Besides, we may take liberties with an old and established friend, and abuse him good-naturedly to his face, while we leave our esteem and good opinion of him unspoken—as sentiments he might safely reckon upon, though never a word concerning them were uttered. After this, without mentioning the pleasure received in the perusal of "Bracebridge Hall," we will come at once to the point, and say, that we consider it much inferior to the "Sketch Book." A kind of languor prevails through the volumes, amidst which we in vain look for the spirit of their predecessors. The pictures, especially the wild scenes of America, are wrought with more pain, but by no means with the felicity of former stories. Dolph Heyliger is but a clumsy shadow of Rip Van Winkle, and the scenes of the latter were given with a taste and keeping, that seem to have escaped the author in the more laboured descriptions of the former. The Storm-Ship is however very well told; there is a curious and most original intermixture of the ludicrous and the terrible in those old Dutch superstitions. We know not a more puzzling character in romance than a Dutch ghost; and had we encountered one in the pages of Radcliffe, we certainly should not know what to have

* Bracebridge Hall: by Geoffrey Crayon, Gent. 2 vols. 8vo.

thought. Geoffrey is extremely happy in the delineation of these non-descripts, and, however our friend may impugn the originality of Rip Van Winkle, the author has Dutchified it in most admirable style.

The opening of "Bracebridge Hall" introduces us to a family party, which we before had the pleasure of meeting in the "Sketch Book." The cause and end of their meeting is a wedding, about to take place between "the fair Julia" and "the Captain." This affords the author an opportunity of sketching various characters; and an accident that conveniently befalls the heroine, enables him to dwell upon the matter till the two volumes are completed. The chief character is the squire himself, a good-humoured and agreeable old gentleman, whom Geoffrey meant seemingly to depict as an original. But in this he has overshot the mark, and has made him more of the cloistered pedant than the country squire. He is tiresomely conversant with old volumes; has taken a strange fancy to falconry; and the other peculiarities with which he is marked, are too common-place to shed any novelty or interest upon the character. Lady Lillycraft is the best drawn and the most original, though, we much fear, such beings are exceedingly rare. Master Simon is humorous enough, a second Will Wimble, but rather more starched than his prototype. The defeat which he and the General suffer, from the radical during the Maysports, is well sketched. The bride and bridegroom are true to nature, being, like all people in their situation, sufficiently insipid. But our heaviest censure must fall on Ready-Money Jack: this personage is a living character, of the name of Tibbets, very well known by the nickname here bestowed on him. He is a resident in Islington, and is no doubt the gay, frank, bold, ready-monied man represented. But, to make use of a hackneyed term, it is too *cockneyish* to sketch a character from a suburb of the metropolis, and give it forth as a sample of the rural John Bull. The incongruity is quite evident, and a similar defect is visible through all the characters: the squire is a pedant, the general a militia-man, the yeoman a cockney. Yet with all this, the work is exceedingly well written, and entertaining: it is a pity that the author did not add to its intrinsic talent, that truth to nature, which a little time and observation might have enabled him to do. Perhaps this was not his design—perhaps hurry prevented him; but it is necessary to mark strongly the want of this truth, as the work may be considered in other countries to represent a faithful picture of our country life and manners.

But these objections are applicable merely to the vehicle; the matter contained is for the most part excellent. The "Stout Gentleman" is a capital quiz, and the pictures of the Schoolmaster and his Assistant are faithfully sketched. The Spanish tale is pretty, but rather in the ordinary track of romance-writing. "Annette Delarbre" is beautifully told. But Mr. Crayon must pardon "certain writers in Magazines" (as he terms a friend or two of ours with precise civility) for reiterating the charge, that his best tales are not original. Had not the story of "Hina" previously existed, we should indeed want words to express our admiration for "Annette Delarbre." But our denying the credit of the original thought, by no means interferes with the just tribute of praise due to the raising of the superstructure. The "Rookery" is a very amusing paper, but as it is one likely to be well-

known and quoted, we shall choose for our extracts some portions of "The Storm-Ship."

"In the golden age of the province of the New Netherlands, when it was under the sway of Wouter Van Twiller, otherwise called the Doubter, the people of the Manhattoes* were alarmed one sultry afternoon, just about the time of the summer solstice, by a tremendous storm of thunder and lightning. The rain descended in such torrents as absolutely to spatter up and smoke along the ground. It seemed as if the thunder rattled and rolled over the very roofs of the houses: the lightning was seen to play about the church of St. Nicholas, and to strive three times in vain to strike its weathercock. Garret Van Horne's new chimney was split almost from top to bottom; and Doffue Mildeberger was struck speechless from his bald-faced mare, just as he was riding into town. In a word, it was one of those unparalleled storms that only happen once within the memory of that venerable personage, known in all towns by the appellation of 'the oldest inhabitant.'

"Great was the terror of the good old women of the Manhattoes. They gathered their children together, and took refuge in the cellars, after having hung a shoe on the iron point of every bed-post, lest it should attract the lightning. At length the storm abated, the thunder sunk into a growl, and the setting sun, breaking from under the fringed borders of the clouds, made the broad bosom of the bay to gleam like a sea of molten gold. The word was given from the fort that a ship was standing up the bay."

* * * * *

"In the mean time the ship became more distinct to the naked eye: she was a stout, round, Dutch-built vessel, with high bow and poop, and bearing Dutch colours. The evening sun gilded her bellying canvass, as she came riding over the long-waving billows. The sentinel, who had given notice of her approach, declared, that he first got sight of her when she was in the centre of the bay; and that she broke suddenly on his sight just as if she had come out of the bosom of the black thunder-cloud. The bystanders looked at Hans Van Pelt, to see what he would say to this report: Hans Van Pelt screwed his mouth closer together, and said nothing; upon which some shook their heads, and others shrugged their shoulders.

"The ship was now repeatedly hailed, but made no reply, and, passing by the fort, stood on, up the Hudson. A gun was brought to bear on her, and with some difficulty, loaded and fired by Hans Van Pelt, the garrison not being expert in artillery. The shot seemed absolutely to pass through the ship, and to skip along the water on the other side, but no notice was taken of it!—What was strange, she had all her sails set, and sailed right against wind and tide, which were both down the river. Upon this Hans Van Pelt, who was likewise harbour-master, ordered his boat, and set off to board her, but after rowing two or three hours he returned without success; sometimes he would get within one or two hundred yards of her, and then, in a twinkling, she would be half a mile off. Some said it was because his oars'-men, who were rather pury and short-winded, stopped every now and then to take breath, and spit on their hands; but this it is probable was a mere scandal. He got near enough, however, to see the crew, who were all dressed in the Dutch style, the officers in doublets and high hats and feathers: not a word was spoken by any one on board;—they stood as motionless as so many statues, and the ship seemed as if left to her own government. Thus she kept on, away up the river, lessening and lessening in the evening sunshine, until she faded from sight, like a little white cloud melting away in the summer sky."

* * * * *

"Messengers were despatched to different places on the river; but they returned without any tidings—the ship had made no port. Day after day and week after week elapsed, but she never returned down the Hudson. As,

* New-York.

however, the Council seemed solicitous for intelligence, they had it in abundance. The captains of the sloops seldom arrived without bringing some report of having seen the strange ship at different parts of the river ; sometimes near the Pallisadoes, sometimes off Croton Point, and sometimes in the highlands ; but she never was reported as having been seen above the highlands. The crews of the sloops, it is true, generally differed among themselves in their accounts of this apparition ; but that may have arisen from the uncertain situations in which they saw her. Sometimes it was by the flashes of the thunder-storm lighting up a pitchy night, and giving glimpses of her careering across Tappaan Zee, or the wide waste of Haverstraw Bay. A tone moment she would appear close upon them, as if likely to run them down, and would throw them into great bustle and alarm ; but the next flash would shew her far off, always sailing against the wind. Sometimes, in quiet moonlight night, she would be seen under some high bluff of the highlands, all in deep shadow, excepting her top-sails glittering in the moon-beams ; by the time, however, that the voyagers would reach the place, there would be no ship to be seen : and when they had passed on for some distance, and looked back, behold ! there she was again, with her top-sails in the moonshine !—Her appearance was always just after, or just before, or just in the midst of unruly weather ; and she was known by all the skippers and voyagers of the Hudson by the name of ‘ the Storm-Ship.’ ”

There is one observation we must not omit ; it is, that the style of the work under review is not so pure and select as that of the “ Sketch Book.” We could multiply instances—the frequent use of the word *get*, of *bloody* as a verb, &c. We press this on the author’s attention, not only for his own sake, but for that of literature in general, which his former work has so much benefited. Before the appearance of the “ Sketch Book,” all writers seem to have been either above or below considerations about style, diction, and such things. Poetry had just succeeded, not only in throwing off its trammels, but was endeavouring to rid itself even of a decorous garb. Prose had begun to follow the example ; and the lighter departments of literature, especially those of criticism and essay-writing, were abandoning rapidly all qualities of purity or elegance, whilst they sought novelty in singularity, and strength in abruptness. The success of the “ Sketch Book ” was a reproof to some random writers, of talents at least equal to those of its author, but whose publications were lying on the shelf. The beneficial consequences of this practical lesson appear to us manifest in the periodical literature of the day ; which, in such a light-reading age as the present, must be of paramount importance, being the first to lead the way in deterioration or improvement. The essays of the “ Sketch Book ” and “ Bracebrige Hall ” we reckon under the class of periodical literature, and indeed they answer the description much better than most articles of Magazine and Review. Therefore whatever progress the author makes in future, and we have no doubt it will be of improvement, he should at least look to preserve that peculiar species of excellency to which he is certainly most indebted for the rise of his fame.

HAVING thus sketched an outline of the mode in which the warriors are to be trained, Plato discusses the means of securing their faithful performance of the duties assigned to them. He seems abundantly sensible both of the importance and difficulty of providing a security adequate to this purpose.

The first and foremost of all securities, in his opinion, is a good education. This indeed would, taken singly, be insufficient; but without it, all others would be vain and ineffectual.† To supply the defect of certainty, which would still remain, and to ensure the good behaviour of the military class, Plato proposes one or two other expedients.

His first expedient is to cheat their understandings with a fictitious tale and imposture. "You and your arms, and all your array, are in reality sprung from the maternal bosom of the earth; you are, therefore, under the strictest obligation to protect both your mother and your brother-citizens, whom she also has brought forth and supports. Your fellow-citizens are all your brothers; but the Deity has mixed up a certain quantity of gold in your original formation, which adapts and entitles you to the post of command; in the bosoms of the rest he has placed brass and iron, by which they become fitter for husbandry and other subordinate functions. This gold will in most cases be transmitted by you to your posterity; but if in any instance this should not happen, and any one of you should produce a degenerate son, you must without mercy degrade him down to the lower castes. For an oracle has declared, that when brass or iron shall govern, the state will be destroyed." (pp. 121, 122.)

Such is the story which Plato proposes to impress upon the military class, in order to generate in their minds a brotherly feeling towards their fellow-citizens. By what means any persuasion of its truth can be created, he himself professes entire ignorance.‡ Socrates (who is detailing the scheme) asks Glaucon if he knows any contrivance to persuade them: to which the latter replies, that he knows no method of making any set of men originally believe such a story; but, could they once be convinced of it, their sons and posterity would naturally and infallibly adopt a similar persuasion. (p. 122.)

As a farther expedient for ensuring the good behaviour of the warlike class, Plato fixes their constant abode in tents§ close to the city; they are to possess no individual property, except in cases of the greatest necessity||; even their tent and their storehouse¶ are to be accessible to every one; they are to eat all together, and a sufficiency of victuals is to be provided for them by the rest of the city. They are to be informed also, that as they possess within them the pure

* Continued from page 517, vol. iv.

† Οὐκ ἔστιν ἡ μὲν γὰρ τῆς εὐλαβείας παρῃσκηνασμένοι ἂν εἶναι, εἰ τῷ ὄντι καλῶς πεπαιδευμένοι εἰσὶν: Ἀλλὰ μὴν εἰσὶ γ', ἔφη. Καὶ ἔγωγ' εἶπον, Τῶτο μὲν ἔκ ἀξίον δι᾽ ἡσυχυρίσθαι, ὃ φίλε Γλαύκων· ὃ μὲντοι ἄρτι ἐλέγομεν, ἄξιον, ὅτι δὴ αὐτὰς τῆς ὁρθῆς τυχεῖν παιδείας, ἥτις ποτέ ἐστιν, εἰ μέλλουσι τὸ μέγιστον ἔχειν, πρὸς τῷ ἡμεῖροι εἶναι αὐτοῖς τε καὶ τοῖς φυλαττομένοις ὑπ' αὐτῶν. p. 123.

‡ Οὐκ οἶδα ὅποιον τέλμα, ἢ ποίους λόγους χρώμενος ἔρω. p. 121.

§ Οἰκήσεις στρατιωτικαί. p. 122.

|| ἂν μὴ πάντα ἀνάγκη.

¶ ταμιεῖον.

gold from heaven, it would be both useless and sacrilegious in them to aspire after the corrupt coin which circulates on earth. (p. 124.) Nor ought they even to touch or drink out of gold or silver. On the non-possession of individual property Plato lays such stress, that if this regulation were once overleaped, the military class would (he says) infallibly degenerate from their character of protectors, and become the tyrants and the *worst enemies* of their fellow-citizens.*

Adimantus, at this point, objects to Socrates, that from these severe regulations the situation of the military caste would become worse than that of any other citizens, and stript of every thing which is usually supposed to render life valuable. Socrates fully admits that the duty exacted of them would be hard, and their privations numerous; but in spite of all this, he thinks they might probably enjoy great happiness. Yet even if the case were otherwise, his scheme is directed to ensure the happiness of the whole, and that of any particular part must be surrendered without reserve, if required. (pp. 125—128.) Those rules must be adopted and enforced, upon every man, which may best qualify him for discharging his stated service to the community. But of all those circumstances which disqualify a man for the performance of his duty, great wealth or great poverty are the most important and operative. The governing caste, therefore, is to prevent most watch-

* "Ὅποτε δὲ αὐτοὶ γῆν τε ἰδίαν καὶ νομίσματα κτήσονται, οἰκονομοὶ μὲν καὶ γεωργοὶ ἀντὶ φυλάκων ἔσονται, δεσπόται δ' ἐχθροὶ, ἀντὶ συμμάχων τῶν ἄλλων πολιτῶν γενήσονται· μισῶντις τε δὴ καὶ μισούμενοι, καὶ ἐπιβυλιόμενοι καὶ ἐπιβουλεύμενοι, διὰ ζῶσι πάντα τὸν βίον, πόλιν πλείω καὶ μᾶλλον δεδιότες τὰς ἔδων ἢ τὰς ἑξωθεν πολεμίους, θύοντες ἥδη τότε ἐγγύτατα ὀλέθρου, αὐτοὶ τε καὶ ἡ ἄλλη πόλις. p. 124.

These plans for remodelling the temper and dispositions of the governing caste, will hardly fail to strike the reader as singularly insufficient, and even puerile, particularly the fiction which he designs to impress upon them. Plato himself avows that he knows not how to realize such a stratagem; and this confession attests his good faith, as unequivocally as the singularity of his provisions evinces his deep sense of the end to be secured. To intrust a particular class with irresponsible power, and then to insure their proper application of it, was the important problem. Plato saw that any man, or any class, if suffered to retain the usual propensities of their nature, and to contract the current associations, would be irresistibly tempted to abuse their power. He saw that this temptation could only be effaced by a system of education so thorough and searching as to monopolise the whole man, and to transmute effectually the governing principles of human conduct; by stifling all the separate ties of property and kindred; and by associating, somehow or other, the well-being of their fellow-citizens with their own sense of superior origin and merit. In short, unless the ruling class could be artificially elevated to the level of demigods, they would infallibly abuse an irresponsible power.

If Plato has been unsuccessful in solving this grand problem, he cannot at least be accused of glossing over the difficulty, and deceiving mankind into a belief that it is a point easily accomplished, and requiring little provision or contrivance, which is the usual method with modern political writers. According to these latter, the all-sufficient security against any misapplication of power is, to place it in the hands of men of high birth and large property. Such persons are, by an aristocratical thinker, represented as exempt by inheritance from the weaknesses of average humanity, and free from all temptation to maltreat others. Thus to frame a principle, merely for the purpose of sanctioning an established usurpation, does indeed facilitate the task of invention, because it leaves the difficulty unconquered and the end unattained. Plato will not condescend to this flattery of birth and opulence, nor can he stoop to impose upon mankind, by telling them that the person who has a great deal of property, will for that reason cease to desire any more, and will become not only innoxious, but even earnest and laborious (without any assignable motive) in acquiring the talents essentially requisite to a good ruler.

fully the growth either of one or the other. (p. 128.) "But if a state of war should arise, will not the energies of the state be crippled, without some superfluous wealth?" Plato replies, that if his state was engaged in hostility with two others, it could easily buy off and ally itself with one of its enemies against the other, by promising as a reward the whole booty to be captured. And even if its enemy were at the outset only a single city, yet that city would certainly be divided into parties, which would interrupt its unity, and these internal divisions would render it weaker than the well-arranged and harmonious republic of Plato. A city governed in the vulgar manner, scarcely appears to Plato worthy of the appellation of one whole. It is many cities, not one city.* Nor would he permit his own republic to increase farther than is consistent with the entire preservation of its unity.

Having indicated the general arrangements and education of his republic, Plato thinks it unnecessary to specify the particular laws relative to matters of detail. Men thus trained and relatively situated would, he says, readily discover the best modes of proceeding. Could the system of education be once successfully realized, and produce one set of human beings such as he conceives, all the ulterior perfections of polity and legislation could not fail to branch out. But the strictest caution would be necessary to prevent this plan of education from degenerating. Were the judicious mixture of music and gymnastics intermitted, or were music of a different character allowed, a complete alteration in the sentiments of individuals, and thence a subversion of the state, might result.† (pp. 129—133.) There are some excellent remarks on the little benefit produced by improvement in regulations of detail, while the general system of government and education remains unsound; and on the folly evinced by ill-governed cities, who rejected with abomination any proposal of reform, and clung to those statesmen whose fame depended upon the preservation of the vicious system. (pp. 134—5.)

For the establishment of temples and religious rites, as well as those ceremonies which propitiate the dead, Plato refers to the authority of Apollo, whom he would consult upon the subject. (p. 136.)

Wisdom, courage, temperance, and justice, would, in Plato's opinion, be the result of such a system throughout his republic. The two former qualities belong exclusively to the governors and the military caste; the two latter to every citizen. Temperance teaches every individual to recognize a limit to his appetites, and brings about an unanimous feeling as to the propriety of submission on the part of the subject, and supremacy on that of the governor. (pp. 142, 143.) Courage (belonging exclusively to the military) consists in a right and rational comparative estimate of the objects of human apprehension. (p. 140.) Justice consists in the performance of a single and exclusive duty by each individual; and it prohibits any one man from assuming a business which another is better qualified to exercise.‡ The rules of justice are observed when the three sections of the city, the governors, their

* Ἐκάστη αὐτῶν πόλεις εἰςὶ πάμπολλαι, ἀλλ' ἓ πόλεις. p. 130.

† Οὐδαμῶς γὰρ κινῶνται μουσικῆς τρόποι ἀντι πολιτικῶν νόμων τῶν μεγίστων, ὡς φησὶ τὸ Δάων καὶ ἐγὼ πείθομαι. p. 132.

‡ Τὰ οὗτ' ἐπιδέκνται, καὶ μὴ πολυπραγμονεῖν, δικαιοσύνη ἐστίν. p. 144.

military assistants, and the productive classes, (*φυλακικὸν, ἐπικερικὸν, and χρηματιστικὸν*, each perform their distinct services without clashing or interference. (p. 146.)

To these three sections of the community, Plato assimilates three parts of the mind of an individual—reason, passion or heat, and appetite. Reason is the guardian or governor—passion, its ally or assistant (*ἐπικερικὸν*) though not always faithful—the ministration of the rest belongs to appetite (*ἐπιθυμητικὸν* in the individual, *χρηματιστικὸν* in the community.) Justice in an individual, like justice in a community, consists in a proper adjustment of these three principles; when each performs its own function, and does not encroach upon the province of the rest. So also temperance in an individual is like temperance in a community, consisting in a due subordination of the inferior appetite to the bridle and sovereignty of reason. (p. 157.)

At the beginning of the fifth book, Plato treats of the education and condition of females in his republic. Whether any peculiar business shall be assigned exclusively to women, as distinguished from men, or whether individuals of either sex shall indiscriminately exercise and be distributed through all the separate callings, is the question which first comes under his consideration. His decision is, that women, as well as men, shall exercise all the different employments in the state. Because the superiority of men over women is perfectly universal, nor is there any field of action in which a woman can display equal aptitude with a man: it will not be prudent, therefore, to commit any particular pursuit exclusively to females. But as some women undoubtedly manifest greater ingenuity and aptitude than others, the proper course will be to distribute them throughout the different professions, as inferior functionaries and assistants to men, according to the talents with which they appear to be endowed. (p. 172.) If they are to be employed in the same functions as men, the same education will be demanded for them as for the male sex. (p. 167.) Women, therefore, of the finest endowments and disposition will be selected, to associate themselves with the class and in the function of guardians. Their minds and bodies will be trained in exactly the same manner as those of the male guardians. They will be subjected to the same musical and gymnastical education, and will be co-operating, though less efficient, ministers of the very same services. (pp. 172–3.)

The male and female guardians will live and eat constantly together in the encampment appropriated to them. Their intercourse, however, will not be promiscuous, but regulated under the superintendence of the magistrate, one of the most difficult and delicate tasks (as Plato admits) which could possibly be imposed upon him. (p. 177.) He is to pair together the finest couples of men and women, consecrating the time of their union by certain feasts and sacred rites. Inferior pairs are to come together by lot, in order to remove the appearance of responsibility from the magistrate in cases where he could have no means of forming a conclusion. From the age of 30 to 55 in males, from 20 to 40 in females, the breeding powers are thus considered as under the appropriation and superintendence of the magistrate, for the purpose of improving the breed. Should any individual thwart this purpose by intercourse either illicit or unsanctioned by the magistrate, such a proceeding is stigmatised as iniquitous and unholy, as tending to introduce

into the state (had it remained undiscovered) an inauspicious issue, which had not been ushered in by the established religious prayers and observances. Should any young man discover signal proofs of merit, a more abundant range of sexual intercourse is to be conferred upon him, partly as a reward, partly *ἵνα καὶ ἅμα μετὰ προφάσεως ὡς πλείστοι τῶν παιδῶν ἐκ τῶν τοιούτων σπειρῶνται.* (p. 178.)

The issue of the superior pairs, who have been coupled under the express direction of the magistrate, are to be taken from their mothers as soon as born, and brought up by the public and authorised nurses. The mother is to suckle it for a short time ; but the greatest pains are to be taken that no father or mother may know their own child, nor any child his own father or mother. (p. 175.) A man is to call every child born in the tenth or seventh month after his marriage by the title of son or daughter ; all persons born at the same time with himself, by the name of brother and sister. (p. 180.)

The issue of the inferior pairs are to be taken by the public nurses, and concealed in some obscure and unknown spot.* It is probably meant that they are to be destroyed, as no subsequent mention is made of them. The same fate also awaits the offspring of the superior pairs, if they should turn out deformed, (*ἀνάπηρον.*) Men and women who have passed beyond the regulated period of breeding, are no longer restricted by the magistrate in their intercourse, (except mothers and fathers with daughters and sons, known and defined as I have stated above.) But these women are to take especial care either to bring no offspring into the world, or, if any should be born, to expose it ; inasmuch as it cannot be received into the community.†

Such are the remarkable regulations by which Plato altogether extinguishes the ties of kindred, and merges them in the corporate and patriotic affections. His object is to introduce an entire community of pleasure and pain among the governing class, and to prevent the objects of their love and hatred from becoming at all separated and individualized. Property and kindred are the two grand circumstances which narrow and isolate the feelings and wishes of a man.‡

Another benefit which Plato remarks as emanating from this extinction of individual interest, is the removal of almost all the cause for litigation, except personal injuries. And with regard to these latter, he seems to think it advisable that every one should rely upon his own strength for his own protection, in order to render perfection in the gymnastic exercises still more indispensably requisite. (p. 185).

Some regulations next follow respecting the conduct of these military guardians in a war. The male and female guardians are both to take part in warlike expeditions. They are also to take the children with

* *Ἐν ἀποροῇ τῃ τε καὶ ἀδήλῃ κατακρύψουσιν, ὡς πρέπει.* p. 179.

† *Μάλιστα μὲν μὴδ' εἰς ᾧς ἐκφύειν κύημα μὴδὲν, ἔαν γένηται' ἔαν δέ τι βιάσῃται, ἔτω ἐκτιθέναι ὡς ἐκ ἔσσης προφῆς τῷ τοιούτῳ.* p. 180.

‡ *Ἀρ' ὅν ἐ τὰ τε πρόσθεν εἰρημύμενα* (the absence of private property) *καὶ τὰ νῦν λεγόμενα* ἔτι μᾶλλον, ἀπεργάζεται αὐτὰς ἀληθινὰς φύλακας, καὶ ποιεῖ μὴ διασπᾶν τὴν πόλιν, τὸ ἑμὸν ὀνομάζοντας μὴ τὸ αὐτὸ, ἀλλ' ἄλλον ἄλλοι ; τὸν μὲν εἰς τὴν ἑαυτοῦ οἰκίαν ἔλκοντα ὃ, *τε* ἂν δύναιτο χωρὶς τῶν ἄλλων κητέσθαι ; τὸν δὲ εἰς τὴν ἑαυτοῦ, ἐτέρου ὄσαν ; καὶ γυναῖκά τε καὶ παῖδας ἐτέρου, ἡδονὰς τε καὶ ἀλγυῖνας ἐμποιοῦντας, ἰδίαν ὄντων ἰδίας ; ἀλλ' ἐνὶ δόγματι τῷ οἰκίῳ πέρι, ἐπὶ τὸ αὐτὸ τίνοντας πάντας εἰς τὸ δυνατόν, ὁμοπαθεῖς λύπης τε καὶ ἡδονῆς εἶναι. p. 184.

them, wherever it is practicable to place them on a secure spot near the field of battle, partly that they may gain experience, partly to whet the valour of the fathers and mothers. (p. 188.) In case of cowardice, a warrior is to be degraded to the post of an artificer. On the other hand, the man of distinguished bravery is to be crowned by the youth who accompany the expedition; he is to be celebrated in songs, and to enjoy the most conspicuous place at feasts and other ceremonies; any person to whom he is attached is not permitted to refuse a return of his affection; and he is to be worshipped as a god after death. (pp. 189—190.) The conduct of the warriors towards their enemies, particularly towards Grecian enemies, is to be more humane than that usually practised in the time of Plato. They are never to enslave, or to inflict general ravage upon another Greek nation; nor are they to strip the dead bodies of their enemies. (pp. 191—3.)

At this point, Plato causes Socrates to be interrupted by Glaucon, who expresses a doubt concerning the practicability of the scheme which he has been sketching. Socrates, after saying that an exact copy of the scheme would not be required, but merely an approximation to it in spirit and principle, proceeds to touch on the causes which opposed its introduction. He perfectly and heartily admits the magnitude of these causes, and represents the plan as difficult in the highest degree, though certainly not altogether unattainable. (p. 228.)

The leading and indispensable requisite to the application of his principles is contained in the following remarkable sentence: "Unless (he says) either philosophers shall rule in the cities, or those who are now styled kings and governors (*δυνασταί*) shall become genuine and complete philosophers—so that political power and philosophy may in this manner coincide, and the numbers who now pursue each of them separately may be of necessity excluded—there exists not any respite of misery for states, nor (as I think) for the human race."* This condition is absolutely necessary for the establishment of his republic (he continues).

The definition which follows of the character of a real philosopher, embraces almost the whole sum of moral and intellectual excellence. His thirst for knowledge is universal and insatiate, and this ensures his acquisition of the practical experience necessary for government, inasmuch as there is no branch of information which he is content to abandon. (p. 209). But yet there is one unvarying standard, which serves as the guide, the measure, and the connecting link of his researches, and to which all the particular facts that he acquires become subservient. This constant search after general principles constitutes an important distinction between him and other men, who never ascend above the fact of the moment, nor submit their opinions to any test or comparison. (p. 206). Indeed (as Plato remarks) it is merely the presence or absence of a standard of reference which constitutes the difference between knowledge and conjecture (*ἐπιστήμη* and *δόξα*.) *ibid.* Besides this, the philosopher is quick in acquiring instruction, and tenacious in retaining it; his attachment to truth is ardent and inviolable, and maintains such complete supremacy in his mind, as to allay the thirst for

* Οὐκ ἔστι κακῶν παῦλα ταῖς πόλεσι· δοκῶ δὲ, ἂν δὲ τῷ ἀνθρώπινῳ γένει. p. 197.

money and all bodily luxuries, and thus to ensure a temperate conduct. (pp. 209—210.) His views are grand and expansive, and altogether free from that illiberality and over-estimate of trifles (σμικρολογία) which Plato judiciously deems more inconsistent than any other quality of mind, with philosophy. (p. 210.) The same turn of thought prevents him from over-rating the desirableness of life, and confers upon him genuine intrepidity and contempt of death. He is gentle and good-tempered, and possesses a natural decency and elegance which sets off the rest of his character to the best advantage. (p. 211.) *μνήμων, εὐμαθής, μεγαλοπρεπής, εὐχαρίς, φίλος τε καὶ ξυγγενής ἀληθείας, δικαιοσύνης, ἀνδρίας, σωφροσύνης.* (ibid.) Such is the splendid assemblage of qualities, without the combination of which no man (according to Plato) is fit for the pursuit of philosophy as it ought to be pursued.

Here Adimantus objects: that the actual character and situation of existing philosophers by no means correspond to the description of Socrates. For of those who devoted their lives to this pursuit, the greater number were persons of inconsiderable talents, indeed base and contemptible*, while the very best of them were by their pursuit rendered useless to the state. (p. 212.) To this Socrates accedes, and proceeds to explain the reasons which rendered such a result inevitable, from the actual state of institutions and manners.

So brilliant an union of endowments must naturally occur very rarely, under any circumstances; and each of those accomplishments, which constitute when combined the philosophic character, will, if possessed singly, disqualify and withdraw him from the pursuit. Wealth, beauty, strength, and powerful connexions (should such be his situation) will also distract and dissipate his mental powers. (p. 217.) Should his genius still shine forth as superior, he will meet with caresses and flattery from parties who are anxious to enlist in their service so able an auxiliary; and this will render him satisfied with his own attainments, and remove all motive to that application without which the science of government cannot be acquired.† When too, on his entrance into public life, he listens to the opinions in general circulation, the current of fashionable applause and censure will overmaster his mind, and will wash away the very best previous instruction imaginable.‡ His estimate of virtue and vice will thus become altogether debased, and adjusted to the reigning errors, even on the supposition that his private education beforehand had been excellent. But this will in all probability not have been the case; for the instructors of youth will be obliged by their own interest to inculcate lessons conformable to the dominant opinions, and to bestow upon these precepts the name of wisdom.§ His notions of truth and justice will thus be perverted from the earliest period of infancy, and the whole tone of morality becomes nothing but a wretched flattery of the actual pre-

* Πάνυ ἀλλοκότους, ἵνα μὴ παμπονήρου εἴπωμεν.

† Τὸ δὲ ἐ κτητὸν μὴ θαλεύσαντι τῇ κτήσει αὐτοῦ. p. 222.

‡ Ποίαν ἂν αὐτῷ (δοκεῖς) παιδείαν ἰδιωτικὴν ἀνθίζειν, ἣν ἐ κατακλυσθεῖσαν ὑπὸ τῷ τοιοῦτου ψόγου ἢ ἐπαίνου, οἰχήσεσθαι φερομένην κατὰ τοῦν ἢ ἂν οὗτος φέρῃ. p. 218.

§ Μὴ ἄλλα παιδεύειν, ἢ ταῦτα τὰ τῶν πολλῶν δόγματα, ἃ δοξάζουσιν ὅταν αἰροισθῶσι, καὶ σοφίαν ταύτην καλεῖν. p. 219.

ferences of the public.* All this is still farther confirmed and enforced by the tenour of the laws, which inflict disgrace and punishment upon the dissentient. (p. 219.) Under such disadvantageous circumstances, the formation of a single valuable and philosophical character must be matter of the greatest rarity.† And the man of surpassing energy and abilities, who under a good system of education would have been foremost in promoting the welfare of his country, becomes only the instrument of deeper and superior injury. (p. 222.)

SONG TO MARY.

FORGET not thou our childish hours!—

The spirit of our joys,
Like music past and gather'd flowers,
Each fleeting hour destroys:
Too lovely were they to be lost,
And wisest those who prize them most.

We do not mourn them—days have come
More calm, without decline;
Days that have peopled memory's home
With deeds and thoughts divine;
And years have taught our hearts to prize
Man's noblest aims and destinies.

But those sweet, careless, joyous hours,
And all they promised us,
The cloudless sky, the path of flowers,
Still may delight us, thus—
A glimpse of Heaven was given us then,
And we would see that Heaven again.

We want to look this wide world through
As then it brightly lay
Before our eyes: a thing all new,
A game for us to play;
And to our young, unskillful hand
Its chances seem'd at our command.

And in the dim, unmeasured length
Of many a distant day,
A treasure of exhaustless strength
Behind, before us lay;
And hearts to love, and hopes to gain
The love we priz'd, were given us then.

Well, "all is beautiful," the bright
And dazzling dawn of youth;
The glories of that better light
The high, full noon of truth—
Yet still the wayward poet says,
"Forget not thou our childish days."

E. T.

* Οἷς μὲν χαίρουσι ἐκείνος, ἀγαθὰ καλῶν' οἷς δὲ ἄχθοιτο, κακά. p. 220

† "Ο, τι περ ἂν σώθῃ καὶ γίνηται οἷον δεῖ ἐν τοιαύτῃ καταστάσει πολιτιῶν, Θεοῦ μοίραν αὐτὸ σώσαι λίγων, οὐ κακῶς ἐρεῖς. p. 219.

THE FORTUNES OF NIGEL,

BY THE AUTHOR OF WAVERLEY.

HERE is another work of the mighty magician of Scotland, produced with a rapidity which will excite mingled admiration and regret in all who take a deep interest in his lasting fame. In the lively preface appended to these volumes, he condescends to notice the feeling which we have ventured to express, and to justify his speed.

He states, what we can readily believe, that those passages which have been praised for their high finishing, have really been struck off fastest in his felicitous moments, while those in which he has comparatively failed have been produced with the greatest toil. But this is scarcely an answer to the complaint, which is not applied to the imperfect execution of particular passages, but to the quantity of dull and commonplace matter which is retained in his volumes. We do not ask him in vain to labour for the perfection of his happiest effusions; but to give us more of his best in a certain space, with a smaller portion of alloy. He shews no cause why the noble pictures of external nature, the fresh and breathing characters, the high tragic scenes, which of late he has scattered sparingly through his works, should not be presented within a smaller space, especially as he confesses that his plots are of no use except to bring in his "fine things." He is not bound down by his story to a certain quantity of dullness. When he consoles himself that, while many of his works will be consigned to oblivion, his best will survive, he forgets that posterity will not collect together all his most brilliant fragments, and form them into a perfect whole. The scenes of a novel, however deep an impression they may make on the reader's mind, will not live in the memory like the golden couplets of a poet. They do not derive their charm from the nobleness of individual images, from the exquisite choice of expressions, or from the condensed depth of their sentiment, but from the striking exhibition of persons and scenes, which leave only traces of their outlines behind them. Unless, therefore, the works to which they belong are altogether preserved, they are in imminent danger of being altogether lost, with the present generation of readers. Full many a passage—nay, many a volume—worthy of immortality, will, we are afraid, be weighed down by the inferiority of the matter with which it is encircled. The chapters of Fielding's works are almost all separate gems, any one of which inserted in an ordinary book would make it worth purchasing; but what would have become of their author's fame, if, instead of lavishing them on three or four novels, he had scattered them through fifty? Would they have the same effect as "Elegant Extracts," even if they were so collected, as they have in their natural and connected arrangement directed by a master's hand? The mere story we grant to be of minor importance: we can allow the author to be led astray from it by such characters as Dalgetty, and Baillie Nicol Jarvie, which he instances; but we cannot concede to him that he is incapable of sustaining a simple and consistent plot, or that he must become dull so to succeed. We have not forgotten "The Bride of Lammermuir," the most complete of all his works; which is almost as single and as harmonious as a tragedy of Sophocles. Here

a deep interest is excited at the first—events move regularly on, and the shadows of fate gradually extend more darkly over them—and the whole is conducted to a terrible yet majestic catastrophe, in which the prophecies of old are fulfilled. And assuredly, in the course of this noble tale, there is no want of high individual excellencies; for, passing over the stern and towering Ravenswood; the resolution of Lucy, springing out of seeming weakness, and overpowering the reason of a delicate nature; the sweet love-scenes at the haunted well; and the ludicrous invention of the faithful Caleb—there are those fearful hags whose horribly disinterested love of matters appertaining to the charnel-house and the grave, places them almost on an equality with the weird sisters of Shakspeare!

“*The Fortunes of Nigel*” is, we are afraid, one of the most unequal of its author’s productions. Its brightest passages are among the very best which he has written; but they are far between, and the intervals are singularly dreary. There is no principle of unity—no central point of interest—not an individual whose fortunes we desire to follow. It seems poured out of a great novelist’s common-place-book, and put together by a very unskilful hand. His nominal heroes are generally vapid; but then he usually introduces some other character whose changes we delight to observe, or affords us rich glimpses of historic story. Here, however, is neither of these sources of enjoyment: the author confesses that he has no story to tell; and although many of his persons are well worthy of observation, none of them are calculated to awaken very cordial sympathy. Lord Nigel Olifaunt, the aristocratic hero, is an individual for whom no one can feel; who has no romantic virtues or vices to endear him to us; but whose fault is, that he is a careful, prudent, and successful gamester, and who obtains his means of sharing in the luxuries of the metropolis by winning small sums of inexperienced players. There is something peculiarly revolting to the imagination, too, in the punishment of mutilation which hangs over him, and his liability to suffer which, connects unpleasant associations with every step he takes to avoid it. As if this were not enough, he is the victim of an accumulation of petty misunderstandings, perpetually placed in ambiguous situations which produce vexatious mistakes—like the Cecílias, Camillas, and Evelinas, of Miss Burney. Lord Dalgarno’s deep-laid scheme for his ruin, and the means which he employs, are very painfully conceived, and inartificially conducted. The whole scheme of Margaret, for his release is quite a puzzle, the solution of which we give up in despair; and the episode of Lady Hermione is as drearily incredible as any Spanish tale in the circulating library. The marriage of the peer with the watchmaker’s daughter is perhaps rather too jacobinical an event for a romance; but we concede our author’s right to introduce and to consecrate as many innovations in the etiquette of fiction as he pleases.

Notwithstanding these deficiencies, and others which it would only be tedious to mention, this work contains passages which are far beyond the power of any contemporary novelist. Here, by what conjuration and mighty magic we know not, the very image of the time of James the First is set palpably before us. “*Life in London*” as it was at the beginning of the seventeenth century, is revived, “in form as pal-

pable" as that which Mr. Egan now draws. We seem to remember Fleet-street as it then was, as well as we know it in its present aspect: the houses, the persons, the humours of the scene are here; and so strong a hold has the picture taken on our imagination, that we have once or twice looked with disappointment on its gay variety of shops, and wondered that the stalls were not there, and that the voices of the apprentices were not heard. Every thing is not only accurately depicted, but endowed with present life: we do not look on a museum of stuffed anatomies, but on a crowd of animated beings in whom we take a present interest; we feel the past in the instant, and live in the very bosom of the age to which the great magician transports us. He does not call from the "vasty deep" spirits which never were, but men who have been—not shadowy abstractions, but creatures of flesh and blood, just as they were and might be. We only wish he had done as much justice to the Temple as to its neighbouring street; that he had not entirely joined the faction of the apprentices against the Templars; but had seen something like fair play between them.

What a delicious glimpse he might have given us of high revels in chambers; how might he have set before us the gay suppers in which the players and poets of the age condescended to mingle with the young gownsmen; what frolics might he have kept up at the Devil Tavern, what words have made us listen to, "spoken at the Mermaid!" All this is reserved, we dare say, for another novel; wisely, as far as concerns the author's account with his publishers, but not as affecting his great reckoning with posterity. This part of the work, too, admirable as it is in itself, leads to nothing. It would answer just as well for the beginning of any other tale. The two 'prentices who are there introduced to us with such note of preparation, make no figure afterwards, but utterly disappoint all our reasonable hopes. "Jin Vin," indeed, seems just fitted for his place, and promises either to fill the state coach or the Tyburn cart, as fortune may please;—but Tunstall, "the gentle Tunstall," seemed created with a more sentimental destiny. Pale, patient, thoughtful, he deserved at least to fall in love, and to be jilted, as Sir Walter's delicate heroes regularly are by their sturdier rivals. We took Mr. Puff's advice, and made sure he was not really a watchmaker; but we looked in vain for his change. We have our suspicions that full justice has not been done him, and that he was originally designed for a better lot than it afterwards pleased his careless manufacturer to grant him.

There is perhaps nearly equal power exerted in the painting of the low debaucheries and wretchedness of the inhabitants of Whitefriars, famed under the name of Alsatia; there is a prodigious number of varied figures crowded into the scenes, and a picturesque arrangement of all the accompaniments of the melancholy orgies which Crabbe might envy. But the general effect is merely painful, for want of some true piece of human kindness to sweeten the mass of hardened profligacy and wretchedness; some touch of Nature, as there ever is in Hogarth's pictures, to reconcile us to our species; some redeeming trait which makes us feel that "there is a soul of goodness in things evil," and that fragments of nobleness will ever survive in man, however degraded his condition. If, however, the revels of the Duke of Hildebrod, prodigious as he is in his way, sicken us, we are soon, even

in the midst of his shocking haunts, to be excited, appalled, and melted by the deepest tragic passion. The whole scene of the murder of the old usurer, who has been prowling about to obtain the piece of money on Nigel's table—his soul fixed intensely on that one object, which he grasps in death—is fearfully grand. The deep desolation of the antique house standing in the midst of that den of wretches; the frightful intensity with which the victim is brought before us in the previous scenes,—heighten inconceivably the terrors of the situation, which is itself most vividly depicted. Even this is inferior to the masterly, we had almost said sublime, development of the character of Martha Trapbois, the usurer's daughter; who has tended her miserable father in this place of infamy till all affection seems dried up within her, and she appears a living anatomy; and who is aroused in this moment of extremity to filial agony and to towering revenge. It is as noble a vindication of the unalienable rights of nature as is to be found even in the writings of our author; and as great a picture imbued with the august solemnities of death and life, it may be ranked with the description of Meg Merrilies watching the last agonies of the smuggler, the young fisherman's funeral in the Antiquary, and the closing chapters of *Waverley*.

Of all the characters introduced in this work, the most complete, in point of finishing, is unquestionably King James. It seems done to very life. The utter childishness of his taste, the singular littleness of his personal vanity, his selfish goodnature, his almost incredible meanness, his silly love of practical jests and low victories, his pedantry, his shuddering terror of naked steel—all his degrading foibles and fopperies—are brought before us with a reality which is almost startling. Some may be inclined to wonder how a man of our author's political opinion could voluntarily make such an exhibition of any thing whose brows were "circled with a kingly diadem." But, whatever may be a poet's creed, his genius will be essentially liberal. He is too conversant with the essences of things to be slavishly devoted to their outward shows. He is so accustomed to contemplate man as man, to trace back to their mysterious sources those passions which are common to the species, to depict those sufferings and joys of which all men are partakers, that he cannot habitually prostrate his own spirit before despotic power. He is familiar with the true majesties of the heart. If he pays fitting homage to time-honoured institutions and usages, he feels that they derive their peculiar colouring from our human affections. If he dwells fondly on the decayed relics of tyrannic grandeur, he feels at the same time the mightier antiquity of the universe. A wit, a satirist, may give the full benefit of his powers to the cause of absolute monarchy; a court is his proper atmosphere, and its creatures the fit subjects of his pen; but true imagination can never be servile. Its possessor may condescend to a birthday ode; but whenever he fairly exercises his faculties on worthy themes, the old instinct will revive, and humanity assert its true immunities in his works. A man's interest is nothing when put in competition with his passions and his powers, especially in the case of a great poet, who must necessarily have the most intense consciousness of both. He may honestly change his opinions, and he may give up honour and conscience for gain; but he will not, he cannot resign, for his life, one essential principle of his poetry.

There is no great merit in the delineation of the remaining male characters. Lord Huntinglen, indeed, is "a stout pillar of the olden time," and the usurer is the most intense of his class; but George Heriot does not stand out very prominently from the canvas. Richie Moniplies is tedious, and Sir Mungo Malagrowth a mere nuisance. But the author perhaps never succeeded so well in the delineation of females who are very women—not marked with peculiar characteristics as individuals, except so far as they are pre-eminently feminine—as he has done in his pictures of Mistress Margaret, and dame Nelly, the frail wife of Nigel's host. Nothing can be more charmingly natural than the behaviour of the little beauty in the interview with Dame Ursula,—her delicate waywardness, her pretty impatiences, the sweet self-will of a spoiled child, as she buries her dimpled face in her small hand. How delightful, too, are her terrors, and her tears, when sent to the Tower in her page's dress, which so well belie that strange attire! What a sentiment of shape is there in the allusion which Heriot makes to her little foot in the midst of his displeasure! the slippery virtue of honest John Christie's wife well prepares us for the caprices and the relentings of Lord Dalgarno's mistress. She seems moulded to yield and to repent, to cry and laugh in the same breath; and is the very perfection of female weakness, which has no principle to sustain it. How pleasant is her inquiry whether they shall not reach Scotland that day; her happiness to be with my Lord, and her tears for honest John; her transient sense of her own degradation, so easily changed into pride; her entire abandonment to the emotion of the moment, and want of purpose! The instant death of her seducer in the midst of this trifling comes like a blow upon the heart. The whole annals of fiction scarcely contain another transition so awful.

The more we dwell on the excellencies of this work, the more we regret that it is not better. He who can write its best passages should not write for the booksellers. Unfortunately, he is infected with the spirit of our literature, which can brook no delay, but requires the stimulus of immediate applause. Every popular writer of the day has grown as periodical as the Editor of a Magazine. We earnestly wish that the greatest of authors would learn a due respect for their genius; would dare to build for the future; and choose not merely to be read and praised for a month, but to produce works which shall shed their sweetness on future ages.

SONG.—BY T. CAMPBELL.

DRINK ye to her that each loves best,
And if you nurse a flame
That 's told but to her mutual breast,
We will not ask her name.

Enough, while memory tranced and glad
Paints silently the fair,
That each should dream of joys he 's had,
Or yet may hope to share.

Yet far, far hence be jest or boast
From hallow'd thoughts so dear;
But drink to them that we love most,
As they would love to hear.

THE MIRACULOUS CANDLE.*

At Amiens famed for treaty-making
 Meant to be kept by neither party,
 There dwelt a carpenter, asleep or waking
 Honest, and of a constitution hearty,
 Purchased by early hours and labours sweet,
 And healthy meals on unadulterate meat.

Hight Christopher, or Kit for shortness' sake,
 Moral, nay pious, for he went to mass,
 Heard oft the priest a doleful mention make
 Of folks that sold themselves for gold and brass,
 And worldly luxuries, to the grand deceiver—
 Heirlooms to Hell's black autocrat for ever !

Kit took the hint and would not be deterr'd
 (Thinking he'd have, at least, good company)
 From following their example—'twas absurd
 To toil and labour, when in riches he
 Might rival Cræsus—for a *distant* evil,
 And finally perhaps, outwit the Devil.

The sire of sin mark'd his unholy craving,
 Assumed a monkey's shape to tempt the man,
 Gave him a lease of thirty years—on leaving,
 Told him that when the term expired a plan
 Should be matured, promoting him direct
 Of the infernal palace architect.

Now thirty years of life and riches sounded
 To Christopher a time that ne'er could end :
 He lived accordingly—in wealth abounded—
 Like rich men lived, to eat, and sleep, and spend,
 Drink, wench, game, idle, trample on inferiors,
 And think no mortal beings his superiors.

This course for fifteen years he ran—just half
 The term that Satan granted, when one day
 While feasting with his friends on cow and calf,
 Cook'd in Beauvillicrs' famed and savory way,
 And wondering how a mortal could be poor—
 Three loud raps shook the distant entry-door.

A servant from the cellar, whom he'd sent
 To fetch a luscious bottle of the best,
 Enter'd and told him, full of discontent,
 That a stout man below *would* be his guest ;—
 Kit fear'd it was his friend from Acheron,
 Search'd out his lease and down to meet him ran.

Satan meantime shewn in a room aside
 Seated himself—his tail that coil'd up lay
 Beneath his coat-skirt, now took freedom wide,
 Curl'd round the chair, or switch'd like cat's at play ;
 His breath smelt strong of brimstone ; for the rest
 He look'd a parson in black broad-cloth drest.

* In Vol. I. Lett. 32, of the Jewish Spy, there is an account of an everlasting candle at Amiens which never wasted or burnt out, and by which the church obtained large sums from devotees. It was unfortunately extinguished at the French revolution ! From this, perhaps, it is said that the Amiennois light their candles at both ends—" Ils brûlent leurs chandelles par les deux bouts."

He told our carpenter to come his way :
 The latter shew'd his lease and grumbled well :
 Satan said fifteen years of night and day
 Made thirty, for they reckon'd so in hell,
 And that they could not change the reckoning
 Of their infernal years for mortal thing.
 Poor Christopher look'd sorrowful ; requiring
 Just to his guests above to say good b'ye :
 Satan consented, at the time desiring
 His utmost haste, for he must call hard nigh
 To take with him a lawyer's sinful soul,
 Just then resign'd, past hope, to his control.
 Kit told his friends the secret of his fate—
 " Go, take that candle," said a half-drunk priest,
 "'Tis nearly burnt, ask Satan but to wait
 Till it be out, and leave to me the rest."—
 Kit was the Devil's favourite, and a minute
 Was not so long—there was a secret in it.
 The carpenter took back the candle-end,
 While Boniface some holy water brought
 And then baptized it, saved his anxious friend,
 And in a trap the thoughtless Devil caught,
 Who hell-ward flew, cozen'd in his endeavour—
 As this same candle-snuff burnt on for ever !

Ω.

ON BEING SHEWN SOME BEAUTIFUL SPECIMENS OF ORNAMENTAL PORCELAIN.

SINCE to clay we must turn, 'tis consoling to know
 That to objects as lovely as these they can mould us ;
 And, wherever this frame may be destined to go,
 In its relics our friends need not fear to behold us.
 This rose we may fancy, its delicate hues
 So faithful to nature, when living composed
 The bosom of beauty adored by the Muse,
 Where tenderness sigh'd or affection reposed.
 The form that so gracefully plays with the dart
 Which the blind little god in his archery uses,
 Was one of those nymphs who imagine the heart
 May be play'd with unhurt till the moment she chooses.
 Yon shell was a poet ; but where is his fame ?
 The verses he destined to live are unknown ;
 Yet he dreamt in *his* time he was leaving a name,
 And as idly are dreaming the bards of our own.
 That gardener smilingly gazing on flowers
 Which seem as if breathing their odours around,
 Was a lover of nature that dwelt in her bowers,
 And rear'd her young sweets as they sprang from the ground.
 For me, when I've pass'd through the change that gives birth
 To a substance like this, and again see the light,
 May the artist thus gracefully form from my earth
 The lamp that some nymph loves to read by at night !
 For then I may watch the emotion that plays
 In her eyes, as the lines of the minstrel they trace,
 And receive, ere in slumber she closes their rays,
 The last parting beams of expression and grace.

T.

CHURCH-YARD WANDERINGS.

“ Let’s talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs.” SHAKSPEARE.

SOBER subjects, Mr. Editor, but yet of universal concernment, and on that account, perhaps, adapted for a magazine. What individual gazes upon the most obscure cemetery without feeling the uncertain tenure of human existence—without a thought respecting the time when “dusty death” shall number him with those that lie low!—the period when the warm tide of life shall cease to career through his veins, and the glories of nature no more expand themselves before his delighted vision! Even the callous-hearted sexton, who sings at grave-digging, and with whom “custom hath made it a matter of easiness”—he who tosses about the jowls of many who were his pot-companions forty years ago, in the days of his youth; this white-haired, hard-featured man is sometimes visited while at his vocation with an unbidden thought, as to who the trusty brother of the trade may be that will “do for him what he has done for thousands.” The soldier, apprenticed to carnage, has also felt forebodings of his own doom steal across his mind, however careless he may appear on the subject;—in short, who has not?

For my own part, I am fond of communing with the dead: they have the start of me a little while; are more advanced in knowledge than the living; and if they had the gift of utterance, would, probably, testify to me how little knowledge is, after all, really worth. There are times when their speaking silence communicates unutterable feelings to the heart—feelings that flow back to the very sources of existence, prompting strange thoughts and imaginings. Though in the full flush of health and manhood, I can find pleasure in visiting the last abodes of mortality, and in conning over the “hoary text,” that “teaches the rustic moralist to die.” The habitations of the dead, though forsaken by the world in general, are not wholly so: I am accustomed to visit them often, and to regard them as the dwellings of friends with whom I must soon abide. I have a great admiration for beautiful church-yards, and a fastidious taste in choosing situations for sepulchres; oftentimes setting at nought certain ceremonies of consecration, and other common-place essentials to the quiet repose of the defunct in the view of mother church. My taste for a place of sepulture is like his who exclaims—

“ Mine be the breezy hill that skirts the down;
Where a green grassy turf is all I crave;
With here and there a violet bestrown,
Fast by a brook, or fountain’s murmuring wave,
And many an evening sun shine sweetly on my grave.”

or the wild and picturesque grave-ground of Ossian, even more congenial than that of the “Minstrel” to one of my disposition—“A rock with its head of heath; three aged pines bend from its base; green is the narrow plain at its feet; there the flower of the mountain grows and shakes its white head in the breeze. The thistle is there alone shedding its aged beard. Two stones half sunk in the ground shew their heads of moss.”

The mouldy vaults of Westminster Abbey and St. Paul’s may be occupied for me in all their “night and desolation,” until they are

themselves entombed in the ruins of their superstructures, leave me undisturbed but a few feet of ground on such a spot as is described above. I have no freehold of my own that will answer my views for a burial-place, nor shall I be able to spare 500*l.* from my family, like Lord Camelford, to be buried on the shores of the Leman or the banks of the Arno. I am, therefore, fond of visiting the church-yards in the vicinity of the metropolis, in one of which I may by and by "set up my everlasting rest;" for I wish to repose out of the authority of city churchwardens, who would speedily retake the little space I might occupy in their smoky domains to accommodate a new tenant, and gather a fresh fee by scattering my half-decayed members to the winds.

In London, where I see

"Much that I love, and more that I admire,
And all that I abhor"—

in London, people are more regardless and negligent of their places of interment than in any other great city of the civilized world. With reason and philosophy, strictly speaking, the feeling of respect for a lifeless body amounts to little; it is but ashes and dust. Still there are associations connected with the resting-places of the dead, pleasing melancholy associations, ranking with those sensations that fling the richest colouring over our existence, and are too amiable and virtuous to perish. It seems a sort of sacrilege to treat the dead with disrespect, and regard them as sources of profit. Purse-pride, sordid purse-pride is the presiding deity in this vast city. Here it literally

"——— nods in sable plumes,
Adorns our hearse, and flatters on our tombs."

From the Lord Mayor to the sexton—from the Gog and Magog of the Guildhall to the remotest corner of the charnel-house, where mortality is corrupting and the fungus springs loathsome from the festering carcase—it pervades, directs, and governs. Can they have time to consider the dead, who are absorbed in trafficking with the living, in overreaching each other, calculating profit and loss, and worshipping Mammon with soul-destroying idolatry? Hence death has become a source of public and private revenue, as well as every thing besides; and relatives, too often *friends*, undertakers, attorneys, sextons, and the government, share in the spoils of the destroyer. The poor man in his decease and interment exhibits the same picture every where; and the few tears shed for him who had no means of purchasing them, may be safely pronounced genuine. The noble is conveyed to the mausoleum of his ancestors with indifference; for the mimic mourning which attends him may be bought in every street, and the heir is already exulting in the possessions of the individual to whom, perhaps, he owes his being. But the decease of the majority of substantial people, as they are called, or persons of some property, is in London, more than in other places, linked with long-cherished hopes dependant upon the event. Scarcely is life extinct, when dutiful friends and relatives hasten to satisfy the cravings of curiosity, and realize the thirst of profit. The group assembles near the chamber of death, in which some solitary individual may now and then be found with anguish at the heart's core, while the rest only keep up a decent solemnity to sanctify appearances. The officious attorney, who, in these days,

viper-like, worms himself into the most secret recesses of families, opens and reads the will with a grave and important air. A visible grief begins to shew itself in the legatees, in proportion to the accomplishment of their pecuniary expectations. Those who are disappointed look sullen, and soon steal off. The undertakers and their hirelings, the *gouls** of a christian land, are ordered to make an ostentatious display, which may save trouble by shewing in open day the sorrow of surviving friends, the virtues of the deceased, and, above all, the wealth he has left behind him. Plumes are multiplied on plumes, and escutcheon upon escutcheon, and mourners hired to "bear about the mockery of woe." To some obscure and dingy spot, partly surrounded by dwellings, or walls easy of access to the resurrection-men, (who do their best, like carrion-flies, to remove the causes of fœtid exhalations,) the body is conveyed in theatrical state—feathers, tinsel, and gold leaf, waving and glittering among the sables. In the mean time the sexton issues orders to his deputies; for he himself is not the "Goodman Delver" of Shakspeare, bearing the image and superscription of his art about him, but a man of importance in his parish; he points out the spot where the strata of coffins is supposed to be most decayed. Their actual state is ascertained by an iron rod, which is thrust into the earth as a grocer uses a "cheesetaster." There, deep or shallow, in proportion to the decay of the former possessors, the *employés* dig the grave. The procession arrives at the same moment with half a dozen others, and the minister consigns them to the soil, with a hurried repetition of the authorized service. If the executors omit to place a *hic jacet* over the body, it rests for a year, or perhaps two, till the progress of decomposition, which is said to be rapid in the plethoric corse of well-fed citizens, allows it to be turned up to make room for one who was once a next-door neighbour. Such are the ceremonies of a London interment. Who would not declare for an undisturbed rest on "the breezy hill that skirts the down," or on "the rock with its head of heath?"

Fortunately, in this climate the summer heat rarely endures long enough to concoct fevers from the putrid exhalations of crowded burying-grounds. A lady of strong good sense and high family, who died some years ago, desired that her remains might be burned and her ashes placed in her tomb, as an example to lead the way in this salutary reform. Her monument recording her motives for so acting, may be seen in the burying-ground of St. George's, Hanover-square. Nothing but a legislative enactment, forced by some horrible evidence of its effects, will change the present mode of burying almost in the houses of a crowded city. The dread of iron coffins, lately exhibited by certain parish officials, is easily accounted for—they keep corruption close, and retard the exhumation of the bodies for fresh interments; thus, by using them generally, a means of supporting an extra-parochial dinner now and then would be lost, and larger and more decent receptacles for the dead must be provided. We therefore despair of seeing extensive cemeteries formed at a distance from its crowded dwellings until a plague has once more devastated the capital.†

* Beings supposed in Eastern romance to feed on dead corpses.

† The burying-place of the Innocents in Paris was, like those of London, situated in the midst of a crowded neighbourhood. Fevers broke out around it, and were

In the vicinity of London there are several cemeteries kept in decent order, and far different from the ruinous-looking repulsive enclosures within the precincts of its labyrinth of buildings in which "black melancholy dwells;" the melancholy of horror, and not of chastened and saddened recollection; but even these shew that the dead are indeed soon forgotten. No hands are observed in them suspending garlands on the tombstones, or plucking obtrusive weeds from the graves. They remain unstrewed with symbols of affection, and no "rosemary" is offered "for remembrance" there. The sod is pressed, indeed, by the footstep of the passenger whose path to business or pleasure lies over it, but visits of regard to the tombs of the departed, very common in some parts of England, are unknown. There is such a change of men and things constantly passing before the eyes of the living; there is so much care and such a number of those collisions which blunt the more exquisite sensibilities of our natures always harrassing us, that the early indifference manifested towards the dead in the memory of survivors, is easily accounted for. The flowery feelings of life are fading away fast before the withering influences of money-getting and corruption. In the country the loss of a friend inflicts a wound which it will take years to heal; in town, friends are easily replaced, because town friendships do not make part of ourselves—the things of the heart, which those in the country in some measure do. The sight of the church-tower, beneath which a beloved relative or friend reposes there, brings before us a regretful remembrance of him; but in London we have no passing mementos of the dead, for the living absorb all our faculties, and the soil that sounds hollow on the coffin too often buries the memory of town friendships with the body it covers.

It may seem harsh thus to accuse a civilized people of neglecting the dead, when their memory is preserved in some countries with a religious veneration, and when even unenlightened nations exhibit an affectionate regard for them. The *morais* of the South Sea Islanders, and the observations lately made by our countrymen among the amiable people of the Loo Choo Islands, prove this. The American savage never forgets the tomb of his fathers. In his trackless woods he scoops out the pit in which he inters the body; and though drawn by war or hunting hundreds of miles distant, though years may have elapsed and age paralyzed his limbs, he can even then direct the inquirer to the spot again, and can recal with filial respect the number of moons which have passed away since he committed the parental reliques to the earth; he remembers too the exact height of the sun that marked

observed to be very fatal during the hot months of summer. In 1780, the soil had arisen eight feet above the height of the neighbouring streets. Vaults stuffed full with corrupting bodies; pits, in which the dead were piled in layers on each other; and fresh graves daily opening in the midst of putrefaction, easily explained the causes of the disorders which raged in their vicinity; and the council of state, in spite of the resistance made to it for a long time by the church, issued an order in 1786 to abate the nuisance. The remains of human beings, equal in number to the population of the city, were removed to the stone quarries situated under Paris, and the site of the cemetery was changed into a market. Masses of human flesh were found converted into spermaceti, from the want of the necessary air to complete the process of decay. Four large cemeteries, one of them 80 acres*, were allotted at a distance from the city, where the air cannot stagnate, to inter the dead.

* For an account of one of these, see Vol. iv. p. 155, New Monthly Magazine.

the hour of interment. The Parguinotes, so basely sacrificed to their enemies the Turks, with a fine romantic feeling of regard for the bones of their fathers, collected them in heaps in their market-place, and burned them, that they might not be thought to have abandoned them to the detestable barbarians, who were licensed to rob them of their native soil. This was an act worthy of Grecian hearts when Greece was in her glory. Thus a respect for the dead is a natural feeling born with us, and matured with our being. The regard of the Egyptians, Greeks, and Romans for their dead, and the stupendous, but vain evidences time has spared of their respect for them, are known to all conversant with antiquities. But of modern burying-places the Turkish are those which most impress the mind with the solemnity of the last change. Black cypresses form a grove around every tomb, which is never disturbed, and consequently the cemetery increases in size, with every fresh interment, until it covers a whole horizon. Grave upon grave, with the plantations thus multiplied, present a sad and gloomy appearance; the tops of the cypresses undulate in the wind for leagues, like waves on a dark ocean of death. White marble here and there contrasts with the deep dense shades of the sombre foliage, and the whole scene is stamped with a most impressive and melancholy grandeur. In the south of Spain the cemeteries afford a direct contrast of character to those of Turkey. "During the time I sojourned in Spain," says L. M. de Langle, "I found in various towns and villages the most charming burying-grounds, in regard to the situation and rural aspect they presented. On the road from Granada to Cadiz, in a little town of Antiquera, one struck me beyond all the rest; and though I only saw it once passing, I have its exact picture imprinted on my memory. It was in the centre of the town, and the church was situated near the middle of it. It stood on high ground, was a perfect square, and commanded a clear view all round: a streamlet ran sparkling through the centre, the soil was covered with jessamines, violets, roses, and numberless other flowers, that sprung up spontaneously without culture. There were no cypresses, sycamores, or other tress of sorrow, with their bastard-green colour, nurturing melancholy beneath their boughs, and seeming devoted to the service of death; but there were plenty of lote-trees and apple-trees, on which a thousand birds were singing and making love among the branches."

In the uncultivated and wild parts of America, the grave of a settler or backwoodsman is excavated in the midst of a boundless forest, beneath trees that have flourished for unknown ages, and in a spot, perhaps, never before visited by a human intruder. The grave is dug deep to prevent wild beasts from disinterring the body. There it is inhumed "unhouselled" without dirge or prayer, and, being covered with earth, is resigned for ever amid the solemnity of those mighty solitudes to its unbroken repose. The cemetery of Napoleon is a singular instance of adaptation to the character of the individual buried—a vast rock rising out of the ocean, alone, towering, unshaken and magnificent; a perfect emblem of the genius of the man, as it must appear in future history. When the feminine apprehension of, or hatred to his ashes, that fortunately consigned them to such an appropriate grave, instead of bringing them to Europe, has subsided, and his virtues and vices are duly weighed unwarped by modern prejudices, his name connected with his

gigantic exploits will still more resemble the rock of St. Helena rising "majestic 'mid the solitude of time."

How beautiful are many of our country church-yards, filled with humble graves and covered with wild flowers. This is the case particularly in Wales. Some country burying-grounds have a character of seclusion and peace that almost reconcile us to the resignation of life. We almost wish to be located in them—to "steal from the world" into them. The mind of man must surely be in a state of aberration when it is busying itself among the tumults of active life, and toiling amid boisterous crowds in dissatisfaction; or else it would not contemplate tranquillity with such pleasure, even the tranquillity of the grave!

The burying-places in and around London offer little to the eye in the shape of monuments that is worth seeing; a heavy sameness reigns every where, and the inscriptions, which in sentiment or correctness do not always harmonise with the rank of the deceased in life, are stupid, fulsome, and hackneyed. Indeed for the most part they are penned in the very mediocrity of dulness. An epitaph must be either very bad or very good to be tolerated; and it is to these two extremes that the epitaph collector confines himself. A church-yard is a species of album, in which are recorded the effusions of the educated and uneducated, of stiff heraldic scholarship, and of simple affectionate sorrow. If the latter tell a lie on a tomb, still there is an amiable excuse for so doing, which the former is without; thus, if a child erect a tombstone over its parent, or a widow over her husband, if they say the deceased was the most perfect of beings, we can excuse it, for they, no doubt, thought him so. The heraldic or scholastic liar in epitaphs is a different character,—he sins in open day; and when he tells us with a flourish that Sam. Scrip lies below, who was a most charitable and humane man, and yet never gave a farthing in his life to the poor that the law did not force him to give, and performed not a single good action, nay, actually died of grief, though worth half a million, because he lost ten thousand on a mortgage, we are disgusted at such a perversion of truth.

Inscriptions over the dead are of great antiquity, but have no rules to restrain or modify them. Those most admired have been terse and short, as that over Tasso, "*Ossa Torquati Tasso*"—"The bones of Torquato Tasso." There is great beauty in this, it is in the cemetery of Pere Lachaise, and is inscribed on a broken column: "*Ma Mere*." This from Malherbe, on the tomb of a young lady, is sweetly applied:—

Et elle a vécu, ce que vivent les roses
L'espace d'un matin!

The following is asserted by Boileau to be the best epigrammatic epitaph ever written:—

Cy gist ma femme—ah! qu'elle est bien
Pour son repos, et pour le mien!

A village chorister of Hanover, after the death of a beautiful girl whom he loved, carved rudely on her tombstone a rose, and beneath it the words *C'est ainsi qu'elle fut!*

One of our best epitaph writers was Ben Jonson. Pope's are artificial and unnatural, with few exceptions. Jonson's to the memory of the

Countess of Pembroke is well known, and that on Elizabeth L— H— is nearly equal to it in merit; that to Sir J. Roe is very pleasing.

I'll not offend thee with a vain tear more,
Glad mentioned Roe. Thou art but gone before —
Whither the world must follow; and I now
Breathe to expect my *when* and make my *how*,
Which if most gracious Heaven grant like thine,
Who wets my grave can be no friend of mine.

My first ramble was into the church-yard of Paddington, the excellent state of which reflects great credit on the parish. The scenery is pretty, but the buildings of this limitless city are making rapid advances towards it. The Green on one side, with its huge old elms, recalls ancient times, when the neighbourhood of the dead was that of sport and merriment during holidays. Shady trees grow in the church-yard over the tombs, and the nettles and ruder weeds are cleared away. The number of tombstones is great, but there is scarcely a striking inscription or noted name recorded among them. On a humble stone, erected by Lord Petre to the memory of Dr. Geddes, who died in 1802, aged 65, is the following liberal extract from his works: —“Christian is my name and Catholic my surname; I grant that you are a Christian as well as I, and embrace you as my fellow disciple in Jesus, and if you were not a disciple of Jesus, still I would embrace you as my fellow man.”

The following wretched doggrel appears upon a stone erected to one J. Russel:—

The grave is a sweet bed of roses
When true believers it encloses;
When our sweet Saviour left the tomb
He left a long and sweet perfume.

There is something touching in the simplicity of the following:—“Farewell, Eliza! The recollection of thy many and rare virtues will be long and tenderly cherished in the affectionate regrets of thy afflicted father, sister, and brother!” There are some mortuary inscriptions that appear more than once in every church-yard, such as those beginning “Afflictions sore long time I bore;” and “The world is a city full of crooked streets,” &c. well known to be from the “unlettered muse.” In these cases, it is probable, the verse of poetry essential on a tomb-stone in the opinion of the poor man, is left to be selected by the stone-cutter, whose acquaintance with the muse extends no farther than to two or three well-known ditties, and these he uses indiscriminately, and generally misspells. There is about some inscriptions, too, an endeavour to render death palatable to survivors, by recording the advantages of it, in order to make the best of an evil (if it be an evil) which cannot be avoided.

In this burying-ground there is a monument to the memory of Eleanor Boucher, daughter of J. Addison, Esq. of Oxon Hill, Maryland, America, who appears to have been a relative of the noted Addison. It concludes thus:—“After a long series of ill health, supported with a resignation truly Christian, on the 1st of March 1784, at the age of 44, she closed her valuable life, having, like her relation the celebrated Mr. Addison, been oppressed by a shortness of breath, which was aggravated by a dropsy. Like Addison, also, she shewed in the man-

ner of her death, in what peace a Christian can die." Addison's daughter, by the Countess of Warwick, died at Bilton in Warwickshire in 1797, very old and weak in her intellects ; but what other branches of his family, if any, yet remain, either in England or America, is not generally known.

The following is almost the only tolerable epitaph of the more *lengthy* kind in the burying-ground.

On THOMAS WALKER, born 1777, died 1818.

Bounds the warm tide of youth along thy veins?—
 Swells thy aspiring heart with bold designs
 Of high accomplishment and lasting praise?
 Then, traveller, pause awhile—this humble stone
 Shall speak thee admonitions eloquent.
 The strength of manhood flourish'd in the frame
 Of him who moulders here beneath thy feet :
 Deep admiration of the works of God,
 With contemplation patient and profound,
 Had now matured his intellectual powers ;
 His hand and heart in confidence were raised
 To give existence to his teeming thoughts,
 When forth the inevitable fiat came
 And hurl'd him in the grave. Dark are the ways
 Of Providence—by man inscrutable !
 O ponder this in lowliness of soul,
 And, with a holy fear pass on——farewell !

V.

SONG,

BY T. CAMPBELL.

EARL March look'd on his dying child,
 And smit with grief to view her—
 The youth, he cried, whom I exiled,
 Shall be restored to woo her.

She 's at the window many an hour
 His coming to discover ;
 And her love look'd up to Ellen's bower,
 And she look'd on her lover—

But ah ! so pale, he knew her not,
 Though her smile on him was dwelling.—
 And am I then forgot—forgot?—
 It broke the heart of Ellen.

In vain he weeps, in vain he sighs,
 Her cheek is cold as ashes ;
 Nor love's own kiss shall wake those eyes
 To lift their silken lashes.

MODERN PILGRIMAGES.

NO. V.—LONDON.

“But our scene ’s London now ; and by the rout
We perish, if the Round-heads be about.”

COWLEY, *Prol. to The Guardian.*

LONDON, the proud metropolis of Britain, the cradle of independent principles in religion and government, the rich, the mighty, the munificent, need scarcely boast, as an adjunct to her fame, of having given birth to great men. And as from a distance I gaze upon the sombre majesty of atmosphere above her, through which are dimly seen, rearing themselves like shadowy giants, her thousand domes and spires, I think how insignificant is man lost amid the stupendous work of his own hands. But to a moment's reflection, what are its riches or its beauty compared to the moral grandeur reaped through many an age of strife and turmoil and revolution. Her aspect is new to me—I am a stranger to her walls, and every step I tread, every name that strikes upon mine ear, recalls vividly the scenes of past history, which till now I had contemplated but in the lifeless page of the historian. The early and imprudent reigns of the first Stuarts are present to my mind:—Where then was the firm bulwark of English liberty?—In this City. During the Craft-won ascendancy of the hypocritical godly, where did common sense and freedom still find refuge?—In this City. And at the hour of Restoration, who routed the dregs of democracy, and rallied round the throne?—This City. England's millions of acres, all united, could not sum the host of noble associations excited by this immortal spot.

In itself, in its aspect and age alone, the “City of the Human Powers” commands an interest mightier than I dare attempt to grasp. A ruin, or a stream, or a village, hallowed by a single name, is quite enough for me ; but it would require more than Herculean powers to cope with this hydra of an hundred heads. We may seek to magnify the associations of the rural nook ; but this little world must be viewed through the wrong end of the telescope, and even the microcosm would be overpowering. We must select a single name from out the roll, in the worship and admiration of which, must be forgotten the thousand others that are obtruded upon our notice.

And what name shall we choose to be the spirit of so great a shrine? What metropolitan of fame, or, to use the language of the day, what cockney shall be the hero of our theme? Shall it be Hampden, or Milton, or Pope? Shall our pilgrimage be to Bread-street, Cheapside, or Burnhill-fields, in honour of the blind Bard? Or shall we track from lodging to lodging the mighty critic, who preferred Fleet-street even to the Highlands? But age giveth precedency, and our judgment might have anticipated this rule of decision, by fixing at once on the father of English Poetry to represent the oldest and noblest city of Britain.

There is no poet of the olden time for whom I have such a regard as for Geoffrey Chaucer. Shakspeare is too universal, and Milton too austere, to excite any personal feelings of love towards them. But Chaucer, little as he speaks of himself, is manifested in his writings as a gay, good-humoured, kind-hearted soul, “such as the Muses love.”

More thoroughly English than any poet of our land, his prevailing mood, his staple feeling, is rich and exuberant humour. He delights in a broad, but not in a malicious grin. His mirth is always tempered with sensibility, and is of that kind, which is built not on a paucity, but upon a superabundance of feeling. But to me, I must confess, his most pleasing peculiarity is his cockneyism:—he is manifestly the inhabitant of a great city, that has a mass of fellow-creatures ever bustling around him, and hence is possessed of that store of observation and acuteness,—that air of continual society, which the poets of the fields seldom possess. I like also the freshness of feeling, with which he enjoys a green mead, his frequent reference to May and May-scenes, and the liveliness of spirit which he always assumes the moment he enters on rural description. This to me is far more delicious and poetical than the cold and languid air, with which the dweller among fields generally enumerates in verse the beauties to which he has grown dead, and with which he has become too familiar. Compare parallel passages in Chaucer and Thomson, and the distinction will be instantly perceived. In the pictures of the former, nature brightens up, and the inanimate objects viewed by the poet, seem to catch life from the spirit with which he regards them;—in the descriptions of the latter, every thing is faithfully, but languidly portrayed—nature droops with the contemplative spirit of the poet, who moralizes and philosophises over the scene, instead of enjoying it—he finds no matter of excitement in the objects of his every-day life, and when he fancies himself in love with rural and picturesque beauty, he is but fond of ease and languor, and the sloth of an idle day-dream.

But this spirit of painting inanimate nature is not the only peculiarity which Chaucer owed to his town-life. His portraiture of character, and figure, and dress,—the inimitable strokes which rival the palpable power of the artist's pencil, in presenting a picture to one's imagination—all this is owing to his having spent his days in this busy haunt of men. His power in comic description is amazing—it is not like painting a picture, but unrolling it—sometimes a line or a word, aided by the quaintness of the style, flashes a whole picture at once on the view. As when he calls the Frere “a full solempné man.” It seems at times as if every character had sitten for the picture, so well are not only the general traits, but is each individual mark touched off to the life:—

“Somwhat he lisped for his wantonnesse,
To make his English swete upon his tongue;
And in his harping, whan that he hadde songe,
His eyen twikeled in his head aright,
As don the sterres in a frosty night.”

And of the Miller,

“Upon the copright of his nose he hade
A wert, and thereon stode a tuft of heres,
Rede as the bristles of a sowes eres.
His nose-thirles blacké were and wide,” &c.

Of his feelings towards the place of his birth, Chaucer has left one most affectionate record. “Also the citeye of London, that is to me so dere and swete, in which I was forth growen; and more kindly love have I to that place, than to any other in yerth, as every kindly creature hath full appetite to that place of his kindly engendrure, and to

wilne reste and pece in that stede to abide." This passage in his "Testament of Love" was written in prison, where the poet was confined for having been concerned in a city quarrel, relating to the election of a Lord Mayor. The circumstance explains the plaintive wish at the end of the sentence; which, if it can be taken to mean the "reste and pece" of the grave, the poet obtained after having reached a good old age. And his being buried in the city he loved, acquired for it more honour than he could have foreseen; since it was his tomb that first originated the Poet's Corner, and drew into its company the ashes of so many of his illustrious brethren.

Chaucer's life was one from which we might expect "The Canterbury Tales,"—a law student, a soldier, a courtier, a diplomatist, an exile, a laureat, a comptroller of the customs,—

"Qui nullum ferè vivendi genus
Non tetigit,"—

just fitted to leave, as he did, an epitome of the universal manners of his age. Incited in his youth to literary exertion, most likely by the public honours which at that time were bestowing on Petrarch, he applied himself first to a poetical version of the *Roman de Rose*, in which occupation he acquired his early taste for allegory, as well as the foreign style of language, which he ever preserved. This is evident on comparing the original with the translation, the lines of the latter being, in many places, word for word the same with those of the former, with merely an English termination to mark the difference. It is nevertheless surprising, notwithstanding his foreign travel and study, how English he is, especially in his later works. Like all men of genius, he was advanced beyond the prejudices of his age, was a follower of Wickliffe, and had adopted those principles of independence suited to the times, the power of the clergy, not that of the sovereign, being the ascendancy most to be dreaded and resisted. He is hard upon the Frere, and all the idle followers of the church; but his picture of the benefited clergyman marks his respect for true religion. His taste was equally, though perhaps not proportionably advanced: he ridicules the old tales of romance, and tells stories with great seriousness, which are quite as ridiculous. His poetry must have been amazingly popular in its day; and would, no doubt, have given birth to a numerous and talented school of followers, if England had remained happy and prosperous, as it promised in the times of the Third Edward. But the troubles that followed put good humour, as well as foreign-fetched tales, out of season. It was an age, like the present, self-occupied,—with objects of excitement around it daily occurring, that permitted neither leisure nor inclination for bestowing interest on aught but sad reality. And when passing events possess this paramount interest and importance, Couriers and Annalists will be considered as the best, and the only poets.

One of the remarkable characteristics of Chaucer, and indeed of Langlande, and all the other early English poets, is the esteem and respect with which they regard and paint the lower orders of their countrymen. This feeling is strongly contrasted with that of the French in those days, whose bias was wholly aristocratic.* Chaucer,

* Ellis, in his "Specimens," speaking of our Yeomen, says, "It is very honourable to the good sense of the English nation, that our two best early poets,

though a courtier, and evidently versed in tales of chivalry and feats of knighthood, always seems to descend with pleasure to the plain, unaffected homeliness of low life : and the fidelity of his pictures shews that he must have been intimately and personally acquainted with the manners of that class. He seems at home the moment his Muse gets into such company ; and though the poet of Palamon and Arcite cannot be said to be out of his element in the description of tournament, and pomp, and ceremony, yet does he seem to breathe with fresher life in humbler scenes. He had sympathies for all ranks, and with true English feeling he has drawn the connexion between the high and the low. This forms the great beauty of his "*Griselda*:"—the tale of Chaucer strikes me as fraught with a hidden and a noble moral, which certainly it has not in the pages of Boccaccio. The demand of the peasants—their lord's answer—his choice—the demeanour and pathetic obedience of *Griselda*—and the kind intent of her lord, veiled under the harsh exercise of his authority—all these speak more to me than is set down. "It is not in the bond," but yet I feel it : and hence hath that tale a charm for me, beyond all the other writings of the poet.

Donnington Castle, and Woodstock, share with London the memory of Chaucer ; as does the borough, where the Tabard Inn is not to be forgotten, whence the Canterbury pilgrims set out on their journey. The meaning of *tabard* (an old cloak) having become obsolete, the name of the inn has been for these many years changed to that of the Talbot. But it still exists, and an inscription about Geoffrey used to be seen in the inn-yard. The greater part of his life, there can be no doubt, was spent in London, "the place of his kindly engendrure." And were we inclined to be gay, many comical proofs of the poet's being a cockney, might be brought from his orthography ;

"The olive of pece ; and eke, the dronken vine ;
The victor palme ; the *laurer*, too divine,"

which can be no mistake of the print, for even Tyrwhitt adopts it. There are a hundred other instances of the same kind, that have escaped my memory. Now this, in my mind, is a compliment ; but should any think otherwise, let them call to mind all the great men of Elizabeth's age, and of Anne's—the haunters of tap-rooms and taverns, of the coffee-house and the cock-pit—the Jonsons, the Shakspeares, the Addisons, the Steeles—all arrant cits and metropolitans, as their writings avouch.

But London, it must be allowed, is no longer what she was—the focus of literature and taste. Like Rome, that in the increase of her grandeur was compelled to admit all Italy to the honours of citizenship, her press has spread the stock of literary riches all over the sur-

Chaucer, and the author of *Piers Plowman*, have highly extolled this useful body of men, while the French Minstrels of the 12th, 13th, and 14th centuries, universally seem to approve the supercilious contempt with which the nobles affected to treat them." Nevertheless, many of the productions of Elizabeth's reign are terribly aristocratic, especially Sackville's "*Gorboduc*,"

"The Gods do hear, and well allow in Kings,
The things that they abhor in rascal routs."

"Rascal Routs" is a favourite expression of Sackville's.

face of the land. And in every petty village is now to be found the pert, pretending critic, that was, of old, confined to the metropolitan pit. The mounds and banks of the intellectual pond have been broken up—the streams have gone forth, and circulate through a thousand channels. It is painful for us to observe, that some who have been thus enriched, do pride themselves much upon the acquisition, and pretend to look with most undutiful contempt on the source and origin whence they derived it. “They are better theatrical judges in Dublin than in London,” say some. “The purest English is spoken in Edinburgh,” say others. Various excellencies are pleaded in favour of America. From all these opinions I beg to differ—with none of them am I angry. Let each man, like Diogenes, roll his tub. But truly indignant am I with some, who must pusillanimously, and for reasons I cannot guess, are afraid to own themselves natives and citizens of the spot which produced a Chaucer, a Hampden, and a Milton.

R.

 TO MAY.

Πῶς οὐ χρεὶ τὸν αἰδὼν ἐν εἴαρι καλὸν αἰδεῖν ;

MELEAGER.

WELCOME, welcome, bonny May,
With thy fields so green, and thy skies so gay,
And thy sweet white flowers that hang on the tree ;
Welcome, welcome, dear May, to thee !

Welcome to thy gentle moon,
And the soft blue calm of thy genial noon ;
Welcome to thy lightsome eves,
And the small birds singing among the leaves.

Thy touch has waken'd the spirit of love
In earth, and in sea, and in heaven above ;
The cheerful air runs o'er with balm,
'Tis too soft for joy, and too gladsome for calm.

From the heart of man thou hast taken the seal,
Thou hast taught the breast of dear woman to feel ;
And cheeks are smiling, and thoughts are free,
And all is happy on earth but me.

I feel thee not as I felt of old,
For my heart within me is wither'd and cold ;
I feel thee not, but I see thy face,
And 'tis bright with its own Elysian grace.

Thou wert lovely once—thou art lovely now,
Though all is alter'd on earth but thou ;
And the poet's voice, though broken it be,
Has yet a song of praise for thee !

But thou art fleeting, and wilt not stay—
Like the joys of youth thou art passing away,
With thy eye of light, and thy foot of mirth,
To chase the sun around the earth.

Thou art passing onward, and wilt not stay—
Then a kind farewell to thee, bonny May !
Bright may thy path be, and happy thy cheer,
And a kind farewell till another year !

W.

APPENDIX.

NEW PUBLICATIONS, WITH CRITICAL REMARKS.

[The following Literary Notices are from the *Historical Register*, which are published as a third volume of the *English edition of the New Monthly Magazine*.]

An Historical and Descriptive Account of the Steam Engine. By Charles Frederic Partington, of the London Institution. 8vo.

The steam engine is certainly one of the most valuable presents that Science has yet made to the Arts; and we see with pleasure the completion of a work so well adapted as the above for the illustration of its many important properties. Mr. Partington commences by a description of the first steam engine constructed by Brancas in the beginning of the seventeenth century; and after explaining the principle of the "water-commanding engine" employed by the Marquis of Worcester, proceeds to shew, upon the authority of a curious autograph treatise, preserved among the Harl. MSS. in the British Museum, that Sir Samuel Morland was the first to introduce this valuable prime mover to our mechanical rivals the French. The claim of America to the original application of the steam engine for the purposes of navigation is also set at rest, by reference to Mr. P's work; in which we find an account of the steam-boat, with reference to an engraved representation, printed as early as 1737. The various patent-right inventions connected with this branch of mechanics, form a very valuable part of the Appendix; and we should be wanting in justice to the merits of a young artist whose name we observe attached to the numerous graphic illustrations of this work, if we were to omit noticing the accuracy and neatness of their execution.

Letters on the Eastern States of America, by William Tudor. 2d. Edition. Boston. 1821.

Though American publications are certainly not within the intended scope of our literary notices, yet we shall occasionally give some of the most promi-

nent of them a place in our pages, from the interest which we feel in the United States. The author of these letters is not a man of genius or originality, and he mixes his picture of American affairs with a good many dozing and prosing observations; but still he is well acquainted with his subject, and has compared his country with others, and if partial to his native land, is at least without indecorous national antipathies. He writes sixteen letters from Boston, on the politics, arts, manners, commerce, and general circumstances of the United States, but chiefly delineates New England. From scanty room, we must quote even those pages of his book which we like the best, in an abridged state, begging the reader to make allowance for this circumstance, and not to judge of Mr. Tudor's style by our garbled extracts. For brevity's sake we must hazard being abrupt; but this American gentleman's language is of a remarkably pure, perspicuous, and English cast. His first letter is on "Funeral Ceremonies." About those of the Egyptians, Hebrews, Greeks, Romans, or modern Italians, we did not look for much information to the other side of the Atlantic; but were anxious to know, from an American, how far a people of congenial lineage had preserved the customs of our own island. Of the American burial-places our author speaks thus:—"The common custom of the Christian world is to deposit the dead either within the walls of the church, or in the surrounding cemetery that is consecrated with it. In this country alone is there any deviation from this solemn, affecting, yet often noxious usage. When the deputies to the United States from the revolted country of Pernambuco, visited Boston, nothing struck them with more surprise than the sight of burial-grounds unprotected by, and out of sight of, any church. It is solemn to place the re-

mains of our friends within that sacred temple which is dedicated to God; it is affecting to offer our devotions surrounded by the graves of those we have loved; but in great cities it becomes as noxious to the living as it is useless to the dead.* A great diversity prevails in the management and appearance of our burying enclosures. In some, the ground is thickly studded with monumental stones, whilst others shew nothing but those slight swellings of the surface, which, even in a desert, immediately indicate that they cover a being who will disturb it no more. The Quakers, consistently with their levelling policy, unwilling that human vanity should attempt, by perishable distinctions, to destroy that equality which death has produced, exclude monuments from their burying-grounds. The Catholics generally do the same. A Cenotaph is placed in a church, where the deceased is of high rank; but Protestants, in most countries, give monuments to their friends and families. In some places the burial-ground is never entered but by the sexton with the funeral convoy, and the rank grass rustles unheard. In others the sexton pastures a cow—what a practice, and what a perquisite!—In some the public pathway crosses the ground, and vagrant boys are seen making the memorials of the dead serve the purposes of their idle play. In others they form public walks, where children are carried for air in the morning, and assignations are made for the evening." The funeral ceremonies of the New Englanders have recently undergone a considerable change.—"this Colony," (New England,) he says, "was a religious one. The main motives of emigration to it had sprung from religion. A funeral was the occasion on which religious feelings could be most strongly produced. It was the scene therefore at which the people were most solemnly exhorted to the service of God. Besides, the number of the colonists when they first landed was so few, that the decease of one of their number was like a loss in a private family, and the obsequies of the deceased were attended by all, since all participated in the bereavement. But farther, our ancestors

had left their country to encounter all the horrors of exile. Their minds were wrought up to a high and steady pitch of enthusiasm. All enervating emotions of grief and despondency were discountenanced. Excessive grief was frowned at as an imperfect submission to the Divine will. Thus a funeral was a religious observance which none could neglect, and to which the dearest relations came out in the deepest moments of their affliction. This fashion continued when the original purpose or motive had ceased. The procession lengthened till its really wretched mourners were followed by a long train of others, performing the duty with indifference or unwillingness. A few years since, the procession was made as long as possible. The relatives, male and female, all walked—the acquaintances of both sexes followed, and a train of carriages, generally empty, brought up the rear. It was thought decorous to walk, however bad the weather or the road might be. The bells meanwhile were tolling, not at intervals, but incessantly. By degrees, the inconvenience began to be remedied. The nearest relatives, females at least, were excused from walking to the grave, and in many cases, there was no procession on foot. The bells were rung only at intervals, and at Boston are now entirely disused. The desire of a long procession begins to be less and less an object of pride, and the vanity of 'a grand burying' is becoming more and more confined to people of colour."

In speaking of religion, our author ascribes to Calvinism the last efforts that have been made in America to establish an intolerant influence on the public mind. But the day for practical intolerance is now irrevocably past in America; and though Calvinism predominates as a nominal creed throughout New England, yet its tenets are exceedingly modified. Sensible preachers avoid its abstract doctrines in the pulpit, and even an attempt to impose a specific creed upon the students of a theological seminary, which the Calvinists set up at Andover, was opposed by the Legislature. An Episcopalian, himself the writer, predicts that Episcopacy will increase, and hold, at no very distant day, a much larger relative proportion to other denominations than it now does. The reasons which he alleges are, that it was merely the lawless power which the mitre assum-

* It is not meant, we suppose, that there are no burying-grounds adjacent to churches in the eastern states, but only that the custom is less frequent than in England. Ed.

ed, and nothing intolerable in the forms, or intolerant in the spirit of Episcopacy itself, that peopled New England with emigrants who for ages cherished aversion to its name. The American revolution severed American Episcopacy completely, and for ever, from all connexion with political power. Moreover the church service has been freed from a degree of ceremony and repetition which it retains in England. But it still maintains the dignity of its forms. The beauty, simplicity, pathos, and comprehensiveness of its prayers is felt by men as their minds refine; and being rescued from all suspicion of connexion with temporal abuses, it gains ground (so our author asserts,) and promises still farther to prevail. Of the supreme beauty of the forms of English worship over all others, we never entertained a doubt. But we cannot assent to a farther reason alleged by the author for its probable increase, "that all rational minds may find shelter within its pale, more particularly than within the pale of other churches."—"Assent," he says, "may be given to its doctrines with different shades of conviction." Surely this may be affirmed of Presbyterianism as well as Episcopacy. In our humble apprehension, the Episcopal creed is as definite as other creeds; and we cannot perceive by what circumstance it allows a latitude of assent more various in degrees of conviction than can be granted by other churches, at least of the Protestant persuasion.

On the past and present state of the Indians there is a letter of considerable interest. This unfortunate race is mouldering fast away, and at no very distant period will have no existence but in history. Now and then a master spirit among them raises them to make a momentary struggle; but he is either cut down like the prophet Tecumseh or hanged like the prophet Francis, and the ruin of his tribe is consummated. It is remarkable how few of the natives are to be found in the population of the United States, and how rarely they blend with it. The discolourings from Indian are much fewer than from Negro mixture. The few who remain are not so numerous as the gypsies in many parts of Europe, to whom they may in many points be compared. Two or three, or sometimes a larger group, perambulate the country, offering medicinal herbs, baskets, or brooms for sale. They

are a harmless set of beings, and lead a life of hardship, though not of labour. Thus wander, perhaps subsisting on half-charitable purchases, the descendants of Sachems, who made treaties with the first governors of the provinces. They preserve most of the traits of their savage origin, though imbedded in civilization, and though they speak no language but English; are seldom seen to laugh; prone to intoxication; amazing topographers; can penetrate immense forests by the shortest cuts; find the fords of every stream, and track the haunts of fish and game. The native Indian appears to rank, in Mr. Tudor's estimate, as a being by nature less capable of civilization than even the Negro. We have little time for this discussion, and certainly much fewer means of being prepared for it than Mr. Tudor. But he seems to us to attribute to the red man's inherent nature effects which have resulted from circumstances. The Negro springs up into partial civilization from a state of slavery, and he seems constitutionally gay, social, and comparatively sober. Of this the red man is the reverse. But the emancipated Negro may well be a happy and thriving being. He is grateful for emancipation, and has no recollections of mortified pride and lost independence when he builds his hut on the American soil: but the Indian, whether he wanders for game or charity, or is isolated in villages within the reach of Christian dominion, must have always the recollections of ancient enmity and of humbled pride to make him associate gloomy feelings with the white man's civilization. The history of the conduct of Christians with regard to the Indians, also undeniably exhibits causes that have retarded their improvement. The early settlers of New England compared them to the Canaanites, and themselves to the people of Israel. A few good men preached and practised benevolence towards them, but the general conduct was contemptuous and cruel. Then came the contests of the French and English, which exterminated whole tribes. Even the religious men, who were the earliest friends to their civilization, began at the wrong end. Instead of first giving them a love of fixed residence, they inculcated dogmas of faith, and taught them the Assembly's Catechism when they should have shewn them how to spin. Massachusetts has now four Indian tribes

within its limits and under its protection. One of them has a considerable tract of land on the Penobscot. They retain their own language, and speak a broken English. Some of their chiefs are intelligent, and a few individuals still remember their prouder condition as a people. Two of the three other tribes are situated in the county of Plymouth, in the district called the old colony. This oldest district in the country is almost the only one where the original tenants of the forest—the Indian and the deer—are still to be found; but how different is their condition. The latter bound with as much grace and elasticity as when the first tenants arrived: how degraded are the descendants of Philip and Massa Saib!—One of the most interesting of these Letters, in point of subject, is that which regards the Universities of America. It is somewhat disappointing, however, and forms an exception to the general merit of the writer, in being well acquainted with the topics on which he writes. He has evidently made no tour of observation through the colleges of the United States, and confesses himself unable to give accurate details about many of them. This is a subject that would form materials for great speculation to an enlightened American. We have no doubt that it one day will so, and that America will be the scene of superb literary and scientific institutions. At present, as our author justly remarks, one principle is common to all their schools of learning, which will ever prevent any of them becoming truly Universities until it is changed; namely, the early age at which the students are admitted. In some places, however, they are gradually preparing to raise the scale of education, by prolonging its period. At Yale College no student is received under the age of fifteen, and at Harvard the majority are considerably above that age. The provisions for the professors seem to be liberal, and their number perfectly adequate to the existing demand for knowledge. Degrees and honorary distinctions, the author thinks, are too easily obtained. Elocution (if we may judge by what he says of Harvard College,) is little cultivated, and any person who has attended a College exhibition would hear with disgust more than half the exhibitors speak their parts in such a slovenly awkward manner as would not have been tolerat-

ed in a village school. Without an atom of conscious prejudice against Americans, we cannot but remark that a drawling and inanimate elocution generally marks their conversation; and we can therefore well believe Mr. Tudor's remark. Regarding them as a free and great people, we wish they may attend to his advice, and "sacrifice to the graces." The cause of human improvement is interested not only in the solidity, but in the polish of their character. As Republicans they ought to study eloquence, and all its aids, for Eloquence is the Child of Liberty, and it has ever been a child gratefully disposed to preserve its parent.

Essays by Father Fitz-Eustace, a mendicant Friar. 1822.

These Essays are ten in number: On Writers—On the formation of Political Society—On Patriotism—On the Political Character of James the First of Scotland—On the Causes of the Downfall of the Roman Empire—On Grecian Sophistry and Roman Rhetoric—On the Female Character—On Marriage and Constancy—Laughing and Crying Philosophers—Modern Mourning.

We can see neither humour nor propriety in the title of Mendicant Friar which this writer assumes, any more than if he called himself the Hierophant of Palmyra. Does he mean to be a gay friar? alas! how unlike in his facetiousness to "the beste beggar of his house," who "somewhat lisped for his wantonness." Would he have us take him for a grave one? his sobriety does not remind us of the friar's cowl, but of the College of Edinburgh. From his style and subjects we should suppose him to be a young Scotchman, whose mind has been imbued with a generalizing spirit, and fostered by a pretty fair share of desultory reading. His attempts at wit and humour, we confess, appear to us unfortunate; but there is a laudable and liberal tone of opinion in his grave Essays. His remarks on the present state of punishment in England are particularly creditable to him; and his account of the political character of James the First of Scotland has so agreeable an interest, that we should wish to see him engaged in more extensive researches on Scottish History. On classical subjects he is less at home.

The Council of Ten. No. I.
8vo. pp. 116. 2s. 6d.

The idea of this "Council of Ten"

is evidently borrowed from the inimitable Club in the Spectator; but in the delineation of the characters it falls far short of its model, and labours, page after page, to convey that kind of picture which Addison gives in a few strokes. As to the objects which this "Council of Ten" have in view, we may say "Methinks the lady doth profess too much." "The Council of Ten will be itself alone," say its members; but if they do not make their succeeding numbers less tedious and laboured than this prospectus of their intentions, they will find that they will likewise be their own readers alone.

The Wonders of the Vegetable Kingdom. 7s. 6d.

This little volume should rather be intitled the Beauties of the Vegetable Kingdom; for it deals more in the attractive than the surprising. It is written in a style of elegance well fitted to its subject; and the descriptions of the various flowers and plants it mentions, are interspersed with appropriate reflections and poetical illustrations, which will give it additional interest in the eyes of the refined and youthful class of readers to whom it is more especially addressed.

The Nun of Arouca, a Tale. 12mo.

A simple story, told in polished language; and probably founded on a real occurrence. At any rate, whether truth or fiction, it shews a degree of feeling and study of the human heart that may ensure the author more extensive admiration for some more important effort of his genius than this short and unassuming trifle can expect to command.

Letters to Julia, in Rhyme. Third Edition; to which are added, Lines written at Amptill Park. By Henry Luttrell.

This is a poem so very much remodelled in its plan in the two former editions, as to be almost entirely new. The Julia of this edition has nothing in common with her of the two last but her name, beauty, and love of power. She is a young, rich, and handsome widow, who has a high degree in the college of fashion, and neither unambitious nor unable to take a still higher one. This she might do by accepting the hand of Charles, who would raise her to the *transcendant* caste. But her vanity and her caprice tempt her to prolong the period of courtship, so

pleasant, and so unlikely to return, and to delay that of marriage so full of hazard and so certain to endure. She therefore plays with the fish which she has hooked, though at the danger of breaking her line. In short, she is a finished coquette. Charles is a man of pleasure, but 'du meilleur crû;' and to make amends for all his faults, loves her not as an heiress, but as a woman. Where will not love flourish?—in the most artificial as well as the most natural soil—in London itself, checked as it is by money-making in the East, and the West by dissipation and ridicule. The Epistles are addressed to Julia by her male cousin, the friend of Charles, who describes to her the sufferings of the victim of her coquetry—and all the fashionable pursuits and amusements from which he has been driven. This topic is made a vehicle for describing the town in some of the gayest and easiest 'Vers de Société,' which we believe the present age has produced. Hyde Park, the ride, the promenade, the shower in the park on Sunday, and the dispersion of the well-dressed multitude are excellent and spirited sketches touched to the life. Every scene of enjoyment which Charles had participated and forsaken in his love-sick *ennui* are touched on with a volatile and happy archness, from his boxing at the five-courts. to his quadrilling at Willis's.

"I doubt if he has pluck remaining
To venture on a six-weeks training,
Since Love has sounded a retreat
From rubbing, racing, and raw meat.
Once on the funny how he doted,
Never was amateur so noted,
Never contended with the fist
So promising a pugilist.

Past are these glories · now it ruffles
His temper but to hear of muffles,
Him at the five's-court, him at Moulsey,
Never henceforward will a soul see.
No, Julia, who would be a boxer,
When she he dotes on, vows it shocks
her?

The Serpentine, that prince of rivers,
(But name it—how the recreant shivers)

Tempts him no more to roam at large in
The throngs that hasten to its margin,
What time the slanting wintry sun
Just skirts the horizon, and is gone,
When from his disk a short-lived glare
Is wasted on the clear cold air;
When the snow sparkles on the sight,
Flashing intolerably white,

And swept by hurried feet, the ground
Returns a wisp and crushing sound.

There once, well strapt from point to
heel,
Glided his foot on glittering steel,
Like a light vessel on her keel,
And rapid as the viewless wind
Left all his rivals far behind ;
While they, poor fellows, for their pains,
Too happy to compound for sprains,
Tumbled to edify the town
On every side, like nine pins down.

Never were yet achiev'd by skaits
Such outside edges, threes, and eights,
As when he wheel'd and circled, scorn-
ing
The "*mighty crack's*" prophetic warn-
ing,

That soon the fetters were to break
That bound the surface of the lake.
Well knew he to retreat in time ;
For, have you seen a pantomime
Where at the waving of a wand,
Or word of magical command,
Trap-doors, for ghosts to disappear,
Start open, as its end draws near ?
Thus when the necromancer Thaw
Gives to his subject streams the law,
Woe to the loiterers ! in a trice
Splits far and wide the treacherous ice,
Plunging (if only to the chin,
How lucky !) many a victim in.

The November fog of London is de-
scribed with the accuracy and observa-
tion of a Town Thomson :

First, at the dawn of ling'ring day,
It rises of an ashy grey,
Then deep'ning with a sordid stain
Of yellow, like a lion's mane.
Vapour importunate and dense,
It wars at once with every sense,
Invades the eyes, is tasted, smelt.
The ears escape not. All around
Returns a dull unwonted sound.
Loth to stand still, afraid to stir,
The chill'd and puzzled passenger,
Oft blundering from the pavement, fails
To feel his way along the rails ;
Or at the crossings, in the roll
Of every carriage dreads the pole.
Scarce an eclipse, with pall so dun,
Blots from the face of Heaven the sun.
But soon a thicker, darker cloak
Wraps all the town, behold, in smoke,
Which steam-compelling Trade dis-
gorges

From all her furnaces and forges
In pitchy clouds, too dense to rise,
Descends rejected from the skies,
Till struggling day, extinguish'd quite,
At noon gives place to candle-light.
O Chemistry, attractive maid,

Descend, in pity, to our aid :
Come with thy all-pervading gasses,
Thy crucibles, retorts, and glasses,
Thy fearful energies and wonders,
Thy dazzling lights and mimic thun-
ders ;

Let Carbon in thy train be seen,
Dark Azote and fair Oxygen,
And Wollaston and Davy guide
The car that bears thee at thy side.
If any power can, any how,
Abate these nuisances, 'tis thou ;
And see, to aid thee in the blow,
The bill of Michael Angelo ;
O join (success a thing of course is)
Thy heavenly to his mortal forces ;
Make all chimneys chew the cud,
Like hungry cows, as chimneys shou'd !
And since 'tis only smoke we draw
Within our lungs at common law ;
Into their thirsty tubes be sent
Fresh air, by act of Parliament.

Songs of Zion. By James Mont-
gomery.

In plain English a New Version of
the Psalms, or at least of a principal por-
tion of them. We cannot say that they
are treated so poetically as to add to
Mr. Montgomery's fame ; at the same
time that it will not materially suffer
by his doing no better than others, what
none have yet succeeded in doing per-
fectly well.

Poems, by the Rev. George
Hughes. 8vo. pp. 162.

These Poems are chiefly on religious
subjects, and display but little of fancy
or imagination. They are written in a
correct strain of feeling, which, how-
ever, would have been as well express-
ed in prose ; and indeed, except in be-
ing in measured lines, the style of these
pages scarcely rises to poetry : there
are too often couplets which no art or
accentuation can convert into the
rhymes they are intended for : such as
"prodigal" with "unspeakable:" and
Mr. Hughes ought to consider that
where subjects are gravely and coldly
treated, the language is expected at
least to be critically correct, to make
up for its want of ornament and of fire.

Memoranda illustrative of the
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89. 4s.

Under the most unassuming form and
title, this elegant little volume will be
found fraught with learning and inter-
est. The first part of it consists of

"Observations on the Tomb of Psammis, discovered in the Valley of Behen El Malook, and opened by M. Belzoni." We regret that these "Observations" are only given to the public at the time when the interesting exhibition which called them forth, is about to be withdrawn from its contemplation. It was indeed always a matter of regret that this model of the royal tomb should not have been accompanied by some analysis or explanatory guide, illustrative of the signs and symbols with which it is covered. To the total absence of any such aid it is owing, as this writer justly remarks, that "hundreds, nay it may be said thousands, retire from its extraordinary figures, and compounded symbols, with disappointment, instead of experiencing that reflective impression which the knowledge of these delineations, as portraying the sensations and belief of many millions of their fellow mortals, on the important subject of a future state of existence, will ever excite." p. 5. The author of this volume is inclined to consider this magnificent tomb not as that of Psammis the son of Necho, but of Pharaoh Necho himself, raised for him by the filial affection of his son; and supports his opinions by arguments drawn from his explanations of the hieroglyphics, which shew how attentively he has studied them. The observations on the tomb are concluded by some interesting reflections on the nature of the initiation into the mysteries, which, instituted in honour of Isis, were not only transported into Greece, but eventually into Rome, and which historians record as maintaining an ascendancy over the public mind, in spite of every endeavour to repress them. After these we are presented with "Remarks on Mummies, and Observations on the Process of Embalming," which are not only replete with curious information, but interspersed with reflections well calculated to excite the contemplative mind to a train of the profoundest thought, respecting a people who, like the Egyptians at a period when we are accustomed to consider the world itself as almost in its infancy, possessed arts and sciences, and secrets of nature, which succeeding ages have done little more than weakly imitate, and vaguely guess at. This elegant little volume is ornamented with a frontispiece representing a male and female mummy, and some of the symbolical representations, exquisitely

drawn, and engraved in a style of proportionate excellence by Cooke.

Travels along the Mediterranean and parts adjacent. By Robert Richardson, M.D. 2 vols. 8vo.

Doctor Richardson travelled with the Earl of Belmore and his family by way of Alexandria, Cairo, and Austria, to the Second Cataract of the Nile, returning by Jerusalem, Damascus, Balbec, and Tripoli, to Malta, where he takes leave of the reader at the same point that he had introduced himself to his notice. A great part of the first volume is devoted to the description of the hieroglyphics on the walls of the temples and pyramids of Egypt, which Dr. Richardson warmly recommends to the consideration of the learned and the studious, considering them as the only key to the early history of that wonderful country, so rich in the remains of wisdom and power, beyond what all the experience of succeeding ages, all the refinements of modern philosophy can even imitate. The travellers were fortunate in arriving at Thebes shortly after the discovery by M. Belzoni of the "Tomb," the model of which has formed so interesting an exhibition in this country. Doctor Richardson narrates the labours of this enterprising traveller in a manner that brings them directly before the eye of the reader; and concludes his account by expressing the hope, in which all persons of taste and feeling must join, that some future traveller, we may add of equal corporal as well as mental ability, will at no very distant period be tempted to resume Mr. Belzoni's researches, at the precise point where he somewhat unaccountably discontinued them. The Temple of Dendera, and the Grottoes of Eleuthias, come in for a large share of our author's attention; and his trouble in describing them will be repaid, we doubt not, by the interest his descriptions are calculated to inspire in the reader.

Dr. Richardson's professional character gained him that degree of intimacy and confidence among the Turks, that would have been granted to no other Christian except a physician. In this capacity, he was enabled to judge of the comparative beauty of the Greek and Turkish ladies, and assigns the palm decidedly to the former. He was likewise admitted to, what the antiquary will think perhaps much more de-

sirable, a survey of the Temple of Solomon, being the first acknowledged Christian that had been received within its holy walls since it has been appropriated to the religion of Mahomet. The favour was not thrown away upon him; for he brings to the holy land a memory fraught with scriptural allusions, and a mind apparently imbued with religious impressions. A visit to Jerusalem, however, under existing circumstances, is more calculated to chill devotion than to excite it. The disgusting apathy of those who shew the spots rendered sacred by the most solemn associations, the sordid avarice of the monks, the bickerings between Christians of different denominations, and the doubtful lives of many of them, all shew that it is not merely living among affecting objects that will inspire a proper veneration for them. A pitched battle between the Greek and the Roman Christians for precedence, on the celebration of the finding of the cross, was one of the spectacles that were presented to Dr. Richardson's contemplation, besides sundry pretended miracles, and solemn mummeries, that appeared still more disgusting and reprehensible, as acted in a place where all ought to be sincerity, simplicity, and truth. The accounts of Tiberias and Damascus are very interesting; and altogether these volumes will be found productive of some valuable information, and a considerable portion of amusement; though the Doctor's remarks upon modern manners among the inhabitants of the countries he has visited are not so acute as his criticisms on their antiquities, and his reflections on virtue and morality come rather too much in the form of truisms to deserve the space he has assigned them in his pages.

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